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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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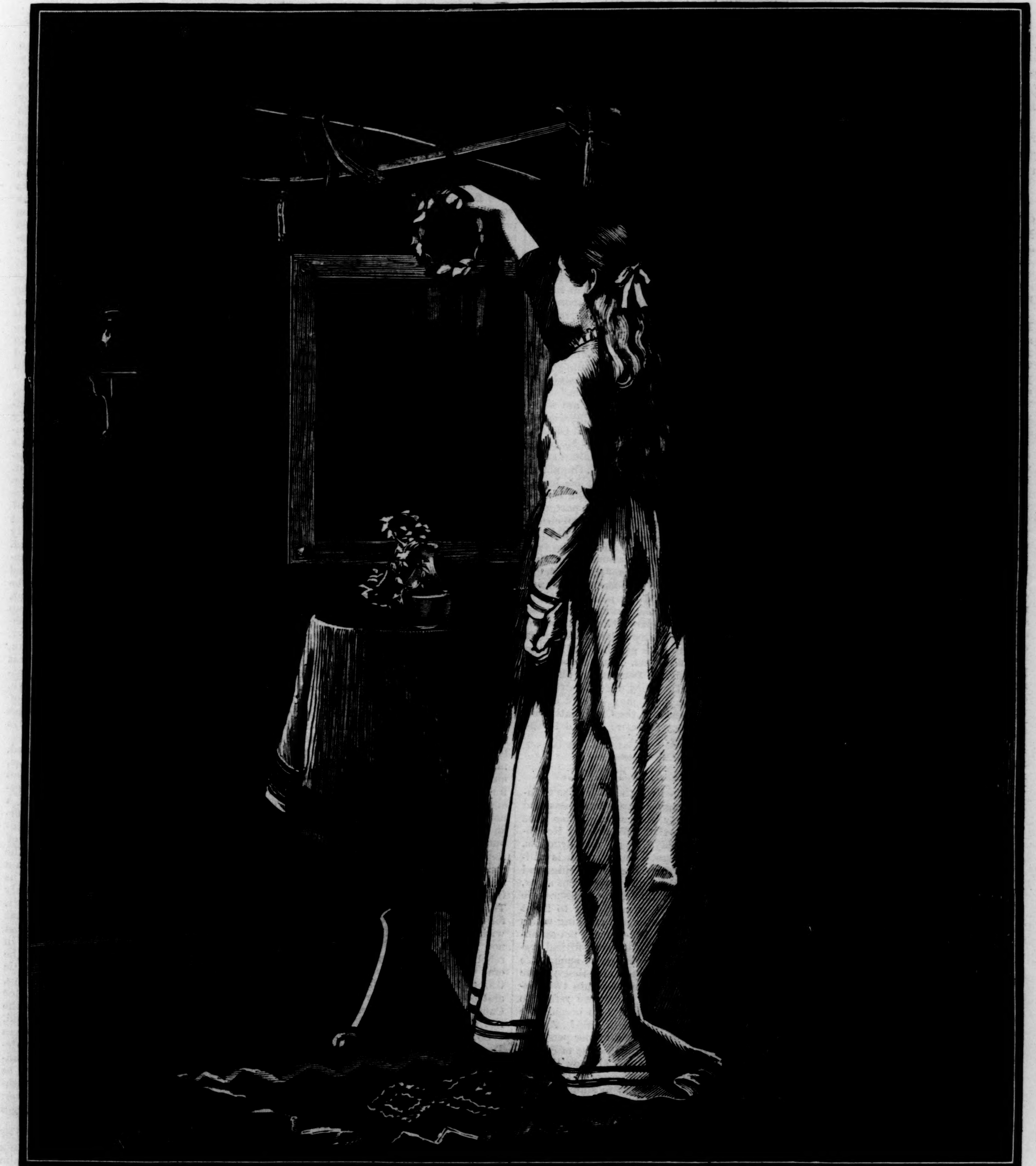

"IN MEMORIAM"—DECORATION-DAY, 1872.—DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

DECORATION-DAY.

In the beautiful and touching illustration on our first page this week our artist expresses the universal feeling of the country. While the people have no wish to keep alive the smouldering fires of old feuds and sectional hatreds, they will not let the memory of their dead heroes perish, or the freshness of their laurels fade. Year by year affectionate hands will strew their graves with flowers and hang wreaths upon their portraits. Not in hatred or anger, but in love and gratitude, the nation's voice will every year repeat,

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 8, 1872.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA,

constituting a Complete and Accurate Map of the City.

MR. GREELEY AND THE REPUBLICAN VOTE.

The painful anxiety of the Cincinnati managers in regard to the action of the Democratic party is most significant. It shows, what, indeed, has not been doubtful from the first to any careful observer, that those who have nominated Mr. Greeley depend for his success upon the approval and support of Democrats. Since his nomination there has been no important Republican demonstration in his favor. Indeed, his managers have been too contemptuous of Republican support; for the terms of the bargain which they are trying to drive with the Democratic party are Republican votes. If they can neither promise them nor guarantee their delivery, the Democrats will not trade. And why, indeed, should the Democrats stultify themselves and disband their party, and then not get into the treasury after all? Mr. Genet and Mr. Creamer and Mr. Christie and Mr. Brennan and Mr. Kinsella and Mr. Morrissey and Mr. A. Oakey Hall, and the other ardent Democratic supporters in New York of the Greeley nomination, must have a clear understanding with the party of the other part, or there can be no purification of the government.

What, then, is the prospect of a large delivery of Republican votes by the Greeley managers? The chief response to the Cincinnati nomination has thus far been from the most malignant part of the Southern press. But the support of that press would be given to any Baltimore candidate. As a Southern gentleman aptly remarks, "It makes no difference. They will go as Baltimore decrees, whether for Greeley, Sumner, or Satan." But that is of course. That is not Republican strength. The Southern Republican choice, both of the old and new citizens, is Grant. The colored voters will not desert the man whose victory secured their freedom, for the man whose spirit—not whose will, but whose spirit, arising from natural temperament—was through the whole war a spirit of surrender. The National Convention of colored citizens at New Orleans declared warmly for General Grant. Frederick Douglass, the chief leader of his race in the country, was eloquent in advocacy of the Republican party. "That party is the deck—all else is the sea," he said, with the most vivid truthfulness. So a mass-meeting of the colored people in Ohio two weeks ago declared unanimously for General Grant; and the appearance of Mr. Greeley at Poughkeepsie to address his colored fellow-citizens certainly evoked not only no enthusiasm, but no interest upon their part.

There will undoubtedly be colored citizens who will support Mr. Greeley against General Grant, as there have always been a few among them who vote the Democratic ticket. But the great colored vote will be thrown for the re-election of the President. And why not? The intelligent leaders of that class of voters see what the rest of us see, that the hope of the Greeley nomination lies in the votes of the past and present enemies and scorners of the colored race. They see, as we all see, the steady hostility of the Democratic party in Congress to the equality of civil rights. They know, as we all know, that it is not the selfish profession of to-day, it is constant practice, which attests friendship and fidelity. Why should the thoughtful colored citizens wish to vote for a candidate whose managers appeal to every enemy of their race in the country? What pleasure to them in the defeat of those who from profound conviction and in the dark day broke the material, as they are now trying to break the moral, fetters that bound and still bind them? Mr. Greeley was indeed an antislavery man, and certainly did his share in arousing the public conscience upon the subject. As such, the colored voters undoubtedly respect him. But Mr. Greeley as the Presidential candidate of the old slavery party is not likely to receive the enthusiastic votes of the ex-slaves. His trumpeters may declare that all the past should be forgotten. The colored voters will reply, "Forgiven, but not forgotten."

Is there any other considerable element of the Republican vote which Mr. Greeley's nomination will detach for the benefit of the Democratic apostles of purification of the government? Are there any conspicuous and influential Republican leaders who have declared for him since the nomination, as against the party? Mr. Henry R. Selden was the first name, and undoubtedly the most significant and influential, upon the New York call to Cincinnati. But even he has been very silent since the astounding result at the Convention. The *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, in the city of New York, are papers of Republican sympathies. They represent the critical, independent view of politics and public affairs; and they both favored the Cincinnati movement. The *Post* contemptuously repudiates the nominations. The *Nation* does not conceal its bitter disappointment, and its sense of the exquisite absurdity of the result. The sentiment in the Republican party which these papers express, therefore, can not be transferred by Mr. Cochrane to Mr. Genet and Mr. Creamer as a consideration for the Tammany Ring's support of purification of the government.

In fine, Mr. Greeley's actual support in the Republican party is limited mainly to the noble army known as "soreheads." We do not deny, of course, that there are some Republicans who are honestly dissatisfied with the administration of General Grant, and who think that it ought to be overthrown. But such men, in the alternative offered on the one hand by Mr. Greeley, supported by the motley host at his heels, of which the worst element of the Democratic party is by far the largest part, and by General Grant upon the other, will either not vote at all, or will vote for Grant as the least of what will seem to them to be two evils. And it is the consciousness of this want of Republican support—the consciousness that without the Democrats the Greeley nomination would not receive a single electoral vote—that the Greeley organs so winningly woo the Democrats, and announce with such profound satisfaction the fact that some noted Democrats graciously allude to him. As Mr. Wendell Phillips said in 1864 of the Chicago Democratic platform and candidates, that they were mere tenders to the rebellion, so it may be said of Mr. Greeley's organs and the Cincinnati nominations, that they are mere tenders to the Democratic party.

NAMES AND THINGS.

It is often asked whether it is wise to insist upon prolonging party bitterness and emphasizing party lines when parties have really ceased to exist. What is the Republican party to-day? some one demands. What is a Democratic party which is willing to nominate the Whiggest of Whigs and an original Republican? Does it not show, says the inquirer, that the old issues are settled, and that it is mere folly to insist upon rattling dry bones and cracking whips without snappers? Indeed, is it not an absurd misunderstanding of our political system to suppose that parties, as such, have any essential permanence, and that we are all and always to be divided into two hostile political camps? Shall we refuse to vote for Mr. Seymour in 1872 because we would not vote for him in 1868? And is Mr. Robert Toombs not a proper person to be supported for Senator because of certain obsolete somethings which are now happily and forever in the deep bosom of the ocean buried? Do you propose to stump against the alien and sedition laws, or to wax eloquent over Garafilia Mohalbi and the Greek revolution? Is political warfare to be a battle of the Huns, a conflict with ghosts in the air after the actual field is won or lost? There must be an end some time, why not now?

To such questions another series in the adverse sense might easily be opposed. But without stopping for that, let us assume for the argument that what are called the old issues in this country are settled, and that parties are dissolving: then what? The inference constantly drawn is—then vote for Mr. Greeley. But why? Suppose that there were no questions of policy to be considered, and the only point were what is called honesty and economy of administration of an accepted policy; still a man's vote should be given according to the probabilities of securing such an administration. Slavery, for instance, is abolished. That issue is settled. But the abolition of slavery and the war have left a certain feeling, and have occasioned certain legislation for the security of the results of emancipation. If the sole question be of administration, to whom can the enforcement of laws growing out of the abolition of slavery in the late Slave States be most wisely intrusted—to those who believed in the justice and wisdom and economy of emancipation, and secured it, or to those who disbelieved and opposed?

Granting that they now acquiesce in such laws because they can not defeat them, are men trained in the school of contempt of the colored race and disregard of their rights better fitted to defend them reasonably and sympathetically than those trained in the opposite school? Upon what ground should the former be preferred to the latter? If laws of this kind are to be faithfully executed, to whom do we naturally turn? Let us suppose that there had been a contest upon free trade and protection, and that free trade had carried the day. That issue would then have been settled. Parties formed upon it would dissolve. We should hear Jefferson's famous phrase, "We are all Federalists; we are all Republicans," echoed in the newer form, "We are all protectionists; we are all free-traders." But would any sensible free-trader see the reason of voting against all those who had been always and by conviction free-traders, for the purpose of intrusting the administration of the free-trade system to a party of which the enormous majority had always been high and bitter protectionists?

If, as is claimed, parties are now really dissolved or dissolving, it is because the Republican policy is so generally approved that organized opposition to it under the old form is hopeless. But the Democratic party does not profess to approve—it acquiesces only. It does not, indeed, let us suppose, propose to reverse that policy. Then it proposes—or those who composed that party agree—that it shall be maintained and enforced. Now, according to the theory, the old parties are gone. Will any body show why that maintenance and enforcement are likely to be more sincere or more efficient in the hands of those who were lately Democrats than in those of late Republicans? If the old issues are settled and the old parties virtually dissolved, will somebody prove that Mr. Greeley and the late Democrats are a stronger guarantee of stability than General Grant and the late Republicans?

There is a great deal said about the settling of issues and decay of parties, which seems to imply that at certain junctures in public affairs men suddenly abandon their convictions, principles, feelings, habits, and traditions, and take a new departure. But this is a curious error. There is a reality in political differences which this theory entirely disregards. The support of Mr. Greeley by Wade Hampton and the Democratic leaders in the Southern States does not signify that they have changed a single view nor lost a single hope. It does not mean fraternity, nor renunciation of State sovereignty, nor desire of civil service reform, nor profound regard for the Union soldiers and sailors. It means nothing whatever but a deep desire to beat Grant and the Republicans, and to restore the Democratic prestige. The great Democratic argument in the late rebel States for supporting Mr. Greeley is that he bailed Jefferson Davis. That is assumed to be a sign of sympathy for the rebel chief. It is not because of any wish for closer union and truer fraternity, not from any Union feeling, that the ex-rebel sentiment prefers Mr. Greeley to General Grant. The reason is in a phrase: Grant beat Davis, Greeley bailed him; and because of their devotion to the Lost Cause the Southern Democrats tolerate Greeley and hate Grant.

So the support of Mr. Greeley by certain Democratic politicians in New York means simply a wish to take a candidate who is not weighed down by a Copperhead record, and with whom they can obtain control of the government. Mr. Greeley is not advocated by those leaders because they care for a single principle or measure with which he is identified, but because they believe that if they can elect him he must of necessity be their tool. Do the few persons who call themselves "Liberal Republicans" find the Democrats taking that name? Do they suppose that the Democrats, having elected a President, will permit "Liberal Republicans" to regulate the Administration? Those who suppose that the characters and purposes of men in politics suddenly change, that those, for instance, whom we have opposed when opposing Mr. Seymour are essentially different because, for the sake of success, they now support Mr. Greeley, will do well to remember the remark of Edmund Burke: "Ambition, though it has ever the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects. A great deal of the furniture of ancient tyranny is worn to rags; the rest is entirely out of fashion. Besides, there are few statesmen so very clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." In this country, at this time, these words of Burke mean that our familiar Democratic friends are for the present, and while their organization continues, identically the same whether they vote for Horatio Seymour or Horace Greeley.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The results of the investigation into the charges against the Secretary of the Navy are contained in a report from the majority of the committee signed by three members, and two minority reports each signed by one member. This investigation deserves the very careful consideration of all those who are interested in the character of the press and in the honor of the great officers of the government. The facts are very simple. Some months since the New York *Sun* made a series of the most unsparing attacks upon the Secretary of the Navy, calling him a robber and a rascal, and heaping upon him every offensive epithet, asserting that it had proof of every allegation that it made. Indeed, had Mr. Robeson been the most unmitigated scoundrel in the country, he could not have been more violently assailed. The apparent detail of circumstance in the charges, the assertion of the possession of ample evidence upon the part of the accuser, and the daily and conspicuous repetition of the allegations, naturally seemed to the Secretary to require some attention, and he asked for an investigation of the truth of the personal charges.

The subject was introduced into the House, and Mr. Austin Blair, of Michigan, a gentleman who is understood not to be friendly to the Administration, moved that a committee be appointed to examine the grounds of the charges, and to investigate the general management of the Navy Department. This was, under the circumstances, a remarkable motion, because the charges were personal, and if the personal integrity of the Secretary were established, the honest management of his department might fairly be assumed until it was seriously questioned. The intention of the motion, therefore, appeared to be that, if nothing could be proved against the Secretary, a drag-net should be thrown over the conduct of the department, to see if something could not be fished up which might be prejudicial to the Administration. Any thing, in fine, to beat Grant. The committee was appointed, Mr. Blair, of course, at its head; and after the most comprehensive investigation and the utmost latitude of inquiry, during which, upon the plea of the temporary absence of the chairman, the author of the charges withdrew from the prosecution, the reports have been made.

The charges were, let it be remembered, that the Secretary was, in plain language, the rottenest of public officers—a rascal and a common thief. Yet in all the mass of testimony taken there is not a word, not a hint, which could even by malice be perverted into proof of any dishonest or ungentlemanly act or thought upon the part of the Secretary. In this conclusion all the reports agree. Even Mr. Blair states, in a tone which, we are sorry to say, seems to us very far from the prompt, frank, and manly expression to which, upon the evidence, Mr. Robeson is entitled, "I can not say that the charges of personal corruption against the Secretary of the Navy are made out in the proof. As to that, therefore, he is to be acquitted." Mr. Archer, the Democratic minority, with far more warmth, declares, "I agree with the majority of the committee so far as they exonerate the Secretary of the Navy from all charges of corruption, fraud, and dishonesty." Thus the original charges against the Secretary are unanimously declared by the committee to be wholly unfounded, and the majority brand them as "the most extraordinary libel ever published in the country against a public officer, and a shameful perversion of the privileges of the press."

Under the other branch of the inquiry of the committee, Mr. Blair and Mr. Archer hold that the payment of the Secor claim by the Secretary, and the exchange of engines in the *Tennessee*, were illegal; and Mr.

Blair expresses the opinion that the Navy Department is badly managed. As to the Secor claim, nothing can be plainer than that the whole matter depended upon the interpretation of a law; and we have no doubt whatever that a very large proportion of all candid men who read the evidence and look at the law will agree that the Secretary decided correctly. In any case, nobody could properly accuse him of looseness of construction upon a point on which good lawyers and honest men might differ. Even Mr. Blair and Mr. Archer do not allege wanton violation of law. What they say amounts merely to this, that if either of them had been Secretary, he would have construed the law differently. In which case those who construe with the Secretary could have said that they illegally deprived citizens of the United States of their just dues from the government. The assertion that the Secretary's conduct shows a disregard of the requirements of law, which is becoming too common, is as unfounded as the charge that he is a dishonest man. To differ upon the interpretation of a law is not carelessly to disregard its requirements.

This was one of the "investigations" that were to expose the dishonesty and incompetency of the Administration. It was part of the plan—of the conspiracy, so to say—to cover the Administration with obloquy. Its special object has failed; failed totally, failed contemptibly. But it has, nevertheless, been of service. That it has revealed the spirit which animates so much of the opposition to General Grant's Administration is of minor importance, for that is now well understood by the country. But it has shown that the intense light of hostile scrutiny may be turned suddenly upon every detail of the conduct of a great department of the government, and show only honesty, thoughtful care, and economy. Never were the details of an Administration so rigorously scanned as those of General Grant's have been, and never with the discovery of so little real ground of complaint. The Administration of Mr. Lincoln, great and good man as he was, could not have stood before the microscopic scrutiny to which that of General Grant has been submitted, and which has strengthened its hold upon the public confidence.

SENATOR CARPENTER AND CIVIL RIGHTS.

We can not congratulate Senator Carpenter upon his conduct in regard to the Civil Rights bill of Mr. Sumner. If there is any man in the country and in the Senate whom as a Republican and a younger Senator, and upon this particular subject, Mr. Carpenter should have treated with the utmost consideration, Charles Sumner is the man.

Early in the present session Mr. Sumner introduced a Supplementary Civil Rights bill, which he moved as an amendment to the Amnesty bill, that justice and generosity might go together. If white citizens who had been rebels were to be relieved from all disabilities, Mr. Sumner could not see why disabilities should continue to weigh upon colored citizens who had been always faithful. The Democrats opposed the bill mainly upon the ground that it attempted to establish social equality by law, and partly because of certain constitutional difficulties. It is astonishing how, to a Democratic eye, the Constitution bristles up against any proposition of equal rights! At the suggestion of Mr. Frelinghuysen the bill of Mr. Sumner was modified, and after warm debate it was passed by the casting-vote of the Vice-President—a vote which will not be forgotten by grateful hearts under skins of all colors. The Amnesty bill, amended by the Civil Rights, was then defeated.

Mr. Sumner has renewed his attempt at every proper opportunity. But during the late long session of the Senate, which lasted through the night, Mr. Sumner, whose health is not good, had left the Chamber for his home. During his absence Mr. Carpenter called up a bill of his own as a substitute for Mr. Sumner's—a bill which omitted much that Mr. Sumner's contained, which he considered essential, and which the Senate had previously adopted. It was pushed to a vote and passed. Mr. Sumner, who had been summoned, arriving just too late, was thus deprived even of the chance of voting upon the measure. It seems to us that in common courtesy Mr. Carpenter might have apprised Mr. Sumner of his intention to take action upon the subject during the session if the opportunity offered.

Should it ever be the fortune of Senator Carpenter to render services to his country as memorable as those of Mr. Sumner, [illegible]ably and forever identifying his name with the elevation of those who have been cruelly oppressed—should he ever become the oldest member by service, and not the least honored by the country, of the dignified assembly in which he sits, and should he ever mature and defend a great measure of justice like that of Mr. Sumner's Civil Rights bill, we trust that his younger colleagues, however they may differ from him, will treat him with a respectful consideration, which Mr. Sumner did not receive.

Mr. Sumner voted against the amnesty, not in a rage, as has been stated, for he does not vote in that frame of mind. He voted against the amnesty, undoubtedly, because he thinks that justice to the oppressed should accompany generosity to the oppressor.

AMNESTY.

Congress has wisely adopted the President's recommendation of amnesty contained in his annual message at the opening of the session. His recommendation, indeed, covers the whole subject, and it is so good that we quote the whole passage:

> "More than six years having elapsed since the last hostile gun was fired between the armies then arrayed, the one for the perpetuation, the other for the destruction of the Union, it may well be considered whether it is not now time that the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment should be removed. That amendment does not exclude the ballot, and only imposes the disability to hold office upon certain classes. When the purity of the ballot is secure, majorities are sure to elect officers reflecting the views of the majority. I do not see the advantage or propriety of excluding men from office merely because they were, before the rebellion, of standing and character sufficient to be elected to positions requiring them to take oaths to support the Constitution, and admitting to eligibility those entertaining precisely the same views, but of less standing in their communities. It may be said that the former violated an oath, while the latter did not. The latter did not have it in their power to do so. If they had taken the oath, it can not be doubted that they would have broken it as did the former class. If there are any great criminals distinguished above all others for the part they took in opposition to the government, they might, in the judgment of Congress, be excluded from such an amnesty. This subject is recommended to your careful consideration. The condition of the Southern States is, unhappily, not such as all true patriotic citizens would like to see. Social ostracism, for opinion's sake, personal violence, or threats toward persons entertaining political views opposed to those entertained by the majority of the old citizens, prevent immigration and the flow of much-needed capital into the States lately in rebellion. It will be a happy condition of the country when the old citizens of these States will take an interest in public affairs, promulgate ideas honestly entertained, vote for men representing their views, and tolerate the same freedom of expression and of the ballot in those entertaining different political convictions."

This is certainly a very creditable tone for a military despot and a gloomy tyrant who wishes the ruin of those who were lately rebels, and for the chief of a party which vindictively fans the expiring flames of sectional hatred. But it is probably only a move in the deep and dark game which he is playing with certain Congressional demons, his part being to propose good things, with the understanding that they will defeat them. But this time they forgot, and adopted his suggestion. So the Republican party, whose accession to power was the signal for Democratic revolt and attack upon the government; which roused and led the country through an unparalleled struggle; which sustained its credit and its honor; which abolished slavery, subdued the rebellion, and saved the nation; which caused no man to suffer penalty for a political offense; which restored the Union without the loss of a single important result of the war; which guaranteed political and civil equality to all citizens—has now, carrying on its work, granted amnesty to all who were politically disabled, excepting a handful of those who are considered to be supremely guilty, and who might wisely have been included. Thus what Mr. Greeley and his Democratic following declare that they would do, a troublesome Republican Congress has done.

Mr. Cox is reported to have said in Congress that the Republicans have been kicked by public opinion into granting amnesty. Does Mr. Cox think that a party acts unwisely in obeying public opinion? His own party evidently thinks so, and it is now dissolving because it has despised for a generation both the public conscience and public opinion. The Republican party has triumphed because it has been the party of that opinion, the party of the country. President Grant said, when he was inaugurated, "I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend; none to enforce against the will of the people." Accordingly he recommended amnesty, and a Republican Congress obeys the will of the people and adopts it. Does Mr. Cox think that the people are likely to spurn the Administration of a party which makes their wise and generous desires its policy?

PERSONAL.

A new work on the Jesuits in Germany has recently been published at Leipsic. It is written by Drey Dorff, and presents some striking comparisons between Catholic and Protestant countries in the matter of crime. We invite the attention of some of our Catholic friends, who think that the education and morals of the people in Europe and this country should be regulated after their fashion, to the following comparisons: Statistics prove that in Rome there are 237 times as many chances of being murdered as in England, and 133½ times more than in Protestant Prussia. In England it is shown that one murder occurs for every 178,000 inhabitants; in Holland, one for 163,000; in Prussia, one for 100,000; in Austria, one for 57,000; in Spain, one for 4113; and in Naples, one for 2750; but at Rome there is one homicide for every 750 of the inhabitants. Rome also scores the highest proportion of illegitimate children, the ratio of births of this class being nearly 61 times greater in Rome than in London. It appears that in London there are, for every 100 legitimate births, 4 illegitimate; in Leipsic, 20; in Paris, 48; in Munich, 91; in Vienna, 118; and in Rome, 243.

—So many clerical notabilities of the M. E. Church happen to be now among us that it may interest some of them to see reproduced one of the many squibs fired off at Wesley during the later years of his ministry:

"There wos a man Hold Wesley by name,
I rother think yo'll bee thee same,
From every porsun he gets tuppence a week—
I wish hee was hear, and I'd give him a kick.
He open'd a meeting Inn this town,
And all the benchees dyd fall doun.
I was in the meeting at the same tyme,
But O I can not find a rheime.
You preach'd a Charity sermun wonce,
And sat in the pulpit like old Punch."

The yearly salary paid to Wesley during the last years of his ministry was £30; to his brother, £60; to Creighton, £63; to Dickenson, £50; to Coke, £30; while the quarterage to the itinerants and to their wives respectively was £3 each. It is also among the curious and not over-creditable facts that Charles Wesley was buried, not at the expense of the London Circuit, but by private subscription. Nineteen London Methodists subscribed £10 13*s.* 6*d.*, and William Marriott made up the deficiency of £3 3*s.*

—Victor Hugo's career as a literary man shows that oaks of the highest possible altitude grow from acorns of the minutest diameter. Sixty dollars was the absurdly small amount paid him for his first novel, which he was glad to sell it for. Now he gets twice that sum for a single chapter. Since 1830 he has been, next to Chateaubriand, the best-paid author in France.

—Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, Chancellor of the State Board of Regents of the University, was a guest at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London, and responded very happily to a toast in behalf of the literature of America. Mr. Pruyn is a gentleman of fine presence and a very graceful speaker.

—Judge Colt, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who recently returned from a Southern trip, visited a court in Charleston, South Carolina, where judge, jury, lawyers, and all were negroes, and engaged in trying a white man!

—The entertainment given to General Sherman by the sultan was the first of its kind ever given within the walls of the palace of the Sultan of Turkey.

—Jefferson Davis, it is said, is about to make the city of New York his future residence.

—Speaking of bovines and bruins, a New York correspondent of a Boston paper, alluding to the late great speculation in Erie, says: "The bear party consisted of H. N. Smith, Jay Gould, and the various firms composing the Erie ring. The hour struck on Monday, the 6th inst., and they moved on the enemy's works. The garrison fled upon the first onset, and as stocks lurched heavily downward they scaled the ramparts, and for four days they loaded themselves with spoils and retired in safety to their intrenchments. For a few days thereafter they celebrated their triumph. H. N. Smith could have been seen wearing an enormous pair of weeping-willow auburn whiskers, a glossy blue coat, light pants, and fancy neck-tie, marching through the street with the air of a conqueror." Among these exalted operators is one whose name is not often mentioned in print—young Henry Martin, the office partner of Gould in all his brokerial changes—a quiet, modest, long-headed man, who keeps the accounts so snug and so clear that he is a comfort. He is a son of Henry Martin, a leading banker of Buffalo, and is "steady as a church."

—Mr. Whitelaw Reid having just at this time an abundance of leisure, and not knowing exactly what to do with himself evenings, has accepted the presidency of the Lotos Club. His slogan during the canvas was, "He who runs may Reid." [For the strictly accurate and original quotation see Habakkuk, ii. 2.]

—Postmaster Jones, of this city, tells a good and characteristic anecdote of Mr. Greeley. He was one of the bondsmen of Mr. Norton, the cashier, who became a defaulter to a large amount. Mr. Greeley was eager to pay up his share of the bond, remarking, "They say I write an infernally bad hand, but they can read it plain enough when it gets on one of these things." "Jes' so."

—The King of the Belgians is said to be the gayest, most good-natured, pleasant-mannered king in the world. He is a tall, good-looking man, with a frank, open face, and makes a capital figure on horseback.

—The Scotch manufacturers, especially those engaged in iron and ship-building, are said to be accumulating enormous fortunes. The Bairds, of Gartsherrie, leading iron-masters, are reported to be making nearly $3,000,000 per annum clear profit. The English manufacturers are equally prosperous; and as much of this wealth is expended for luxuries, the prices of hats, gloves, and Champagne have stepped up quite beyond the daily needs of inopulent folk.

—The present Prince Metternich, now quite a lion at Rome, is forty-five, tall, handsome, and imposing in appearance. His wife, to whom he is passionately attached, is his own niece. Her mother was the Princess Leontina de Metternich, wife of the Count de Sandor, and daughter of the great chancellor by his first wife. She is very wealthy in her own right, owning several estates; is full of *esprit*, which she inherits from her grandmother, and speaks several languages fluently. She has three daughters, the eldest fifteen, the youngest two years of age.

—The estate of the late John Slidell, which was confiscated soon after the close of the war, has been restored to his heirs by an order of Judge Thread, of New Orleans.

—Professor Wheeler, of the Northwestern University, who, after the Chicago fire, made experiments in restoring defaced writing and printing, has discovered an original process for restoring charred currency, so that it can be used. His success in this has been so great that General Spinner, United States Treasurer, has ordered that when experts of the department fail to make bonds or currency legible, they be referred to Professor Wheeler.

—Lord Dufferin has for many years, in his hospitable homes in London and Ireland, been in the habit of entertaining distinguished Americans. He was a warm friend of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was often a guest at his house. He is quite familiar with American literature. Recently he and his lovely wife gave an elegant dinner to Miss Nellie Grant, at which General Schenck was present. Lord Dufferin's mother was the author of the beautiful and pathetic song, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," beginning:

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
In the bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride."

—The *Christian Intelligencer*, of May 23, in the course of a very just article on caricature, pleasantly remarks: "Some of the papers are discussing the morality of caricaturing, as adopted by our pictorial weeklies. No doubt it can be and has been carried to an extreme. And while we would not uphold that which is vulgar or gross, we must confess ourselves believers in this kind of pictorial argument. That 'accursed thing,' the Ring, that had so long been the abomination of New York, was in no way so effectively fought as by the cartoons of Thomas Nast. Even the New York *Times*, a paper that deserves so much credit for exposing the monstrous guilt of city officials, did not battle more successfully than *Harper's Weekly*. Some of our politicians and public men never see themselves so perfectly as in the mirror Mr. Nast manufactures for them. When reason and fair argument fail to affect or reform our public men, a few touches of Nast's pencil will quicken their sensibilities amazingly. Mr. Lincoln, during the rebellion, was wont to say that '*Harper's Weekly* was itself an army.' And that 'army' is not yet disbanded. It still fights for right, honor, and purity."

—Colonel Freyre, the minister of Peru, is one of the most hospitable men in Washington, and noted for the magnificence of his dinner-parties and evening entertainments. His cook is said to be one of the best in the country. Being an opulent man, as well as a minister, entertaining with him is a part, and a very agreeable part, of means to an end. Many things besides eating and drinking are discussed at diplomatic as at other dinners.

—Mr. Garcia, the minister of the Argentine Republic, is said to be the most scholarly in his attainments of any of the foreign representatives at Washington. He is very bookish in his tastes, but is nevertheless agreeable and hospitable. Besides, he is one of the best-looking of the diplomats, has thick black hair and beard, streaked with gray, a clear olive complexion, large lustrous dark eyes, and a very bright, amiable expression of countenance.

—Mrs. Sprague, wife of the Senator from Rhode Island, has not been much in society during the past winter, preferring to devote herself to her interesting family of little ones. It is said that when a fresh addition is made to the family, the mother of the Senator places to its credit, at interest, the sum of $250,000, with the trifling addition of $50,000 for Mrs. Senator.

—At length, through mere arithmetic, we have the statistical result of what and how Brigham Young regards "Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source of human offspring." The census man has entered the domestic precincts, and figured up the total of the uxorious old reprobate's family. He returns 68 children, of whom 40 are females, and his wives number 32.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Representatives, May 20, the Tariff and Tax bill was passed, making reductions of about $45,000,000 in the revenues. Immediately afterward it was resolved to concur in the Senate's resolution for adjournment on the 29th inst. The Senate, May 21, passed the Supplementary Apportionment bill, providing for an additional representative for several specified States. In the House, on the same day, the Senate bill granting an annual subsidy of $1,000,000 for ten years to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for carrying the mails was passed by a vote of 109 to 86. The Senate held an all-night session May 23, and passed the Habeas Corpus Suspension act and Supplementary Civil Rights and Amnesty bills. On the following afternoon the Supplementary Apportionment bill was enacted. Five hours were spent by the Senate in executive session, May 23, on the subject of the Supplemental treaty, but no conclusion was reached.

Secretary Robeson has been acquitted of the charges of maladministration of his office by a majority of the House committee of investigation.

A large fire occurred in Philadelphia May 20, involving the loss of a half million dollars' worth of property. In extinguishing it three firemen were injured, one of them fatally.

A passenger who was ejected from a drawing-room car on the New York Central Railroad for refusing to pay the extra fare when all the other cars were full recovered $8000 damages from the company.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Richmond, Virginia, by a vote of 105 to 5, has resolved not to adopt a liturgical service for congregational worship.

The Court of Impeachment for the trial of Judge George G. Barnard was opened at Albany May 22. The accused entered a general plea of denial, after which the court adjourned to meet again at Saratoga July 17.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish government officially announces a large number of desertions from the Carlist forces in Biscay. More than four thousand, it is said, have surrendered to the royal army. Uriburi, one of Don Carlos's leaders, is dead.

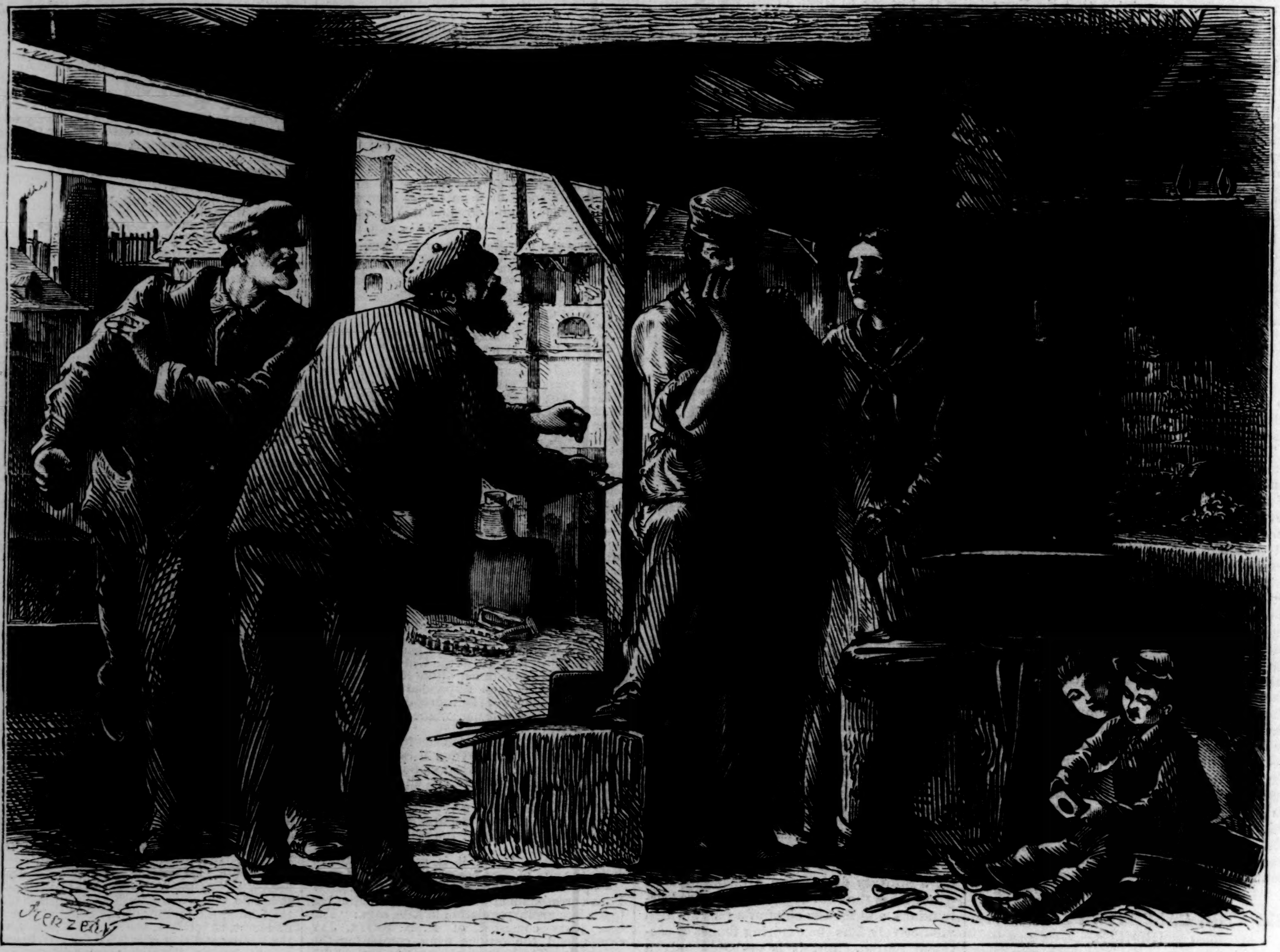
The Dominion Parliament is exercised about the seizures by United States customs officials of a Canadian barge at the St. Clair Flats Canal. Indignant speeches were made by members, and Mr. Stephenson moved an address for the correspondence in the case.

The French Committee on Capitulations censures General Ulrich for his surrender of Strasburg to the Germans.

The North German Lloyd's steamship *Baltimore* came in collision with a Spanish vessel off the town of Hastings May 22, and was considerably damaged. The coast-guard fortunately succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew, who were landed in safety.

Señor Sagasta, President of the Spanish Council and Minister of the Interior, stated to the lower branch of the Cortes, May 23, that the ministry would resign, owing to the publicity given to the documents relating to the secret funds.

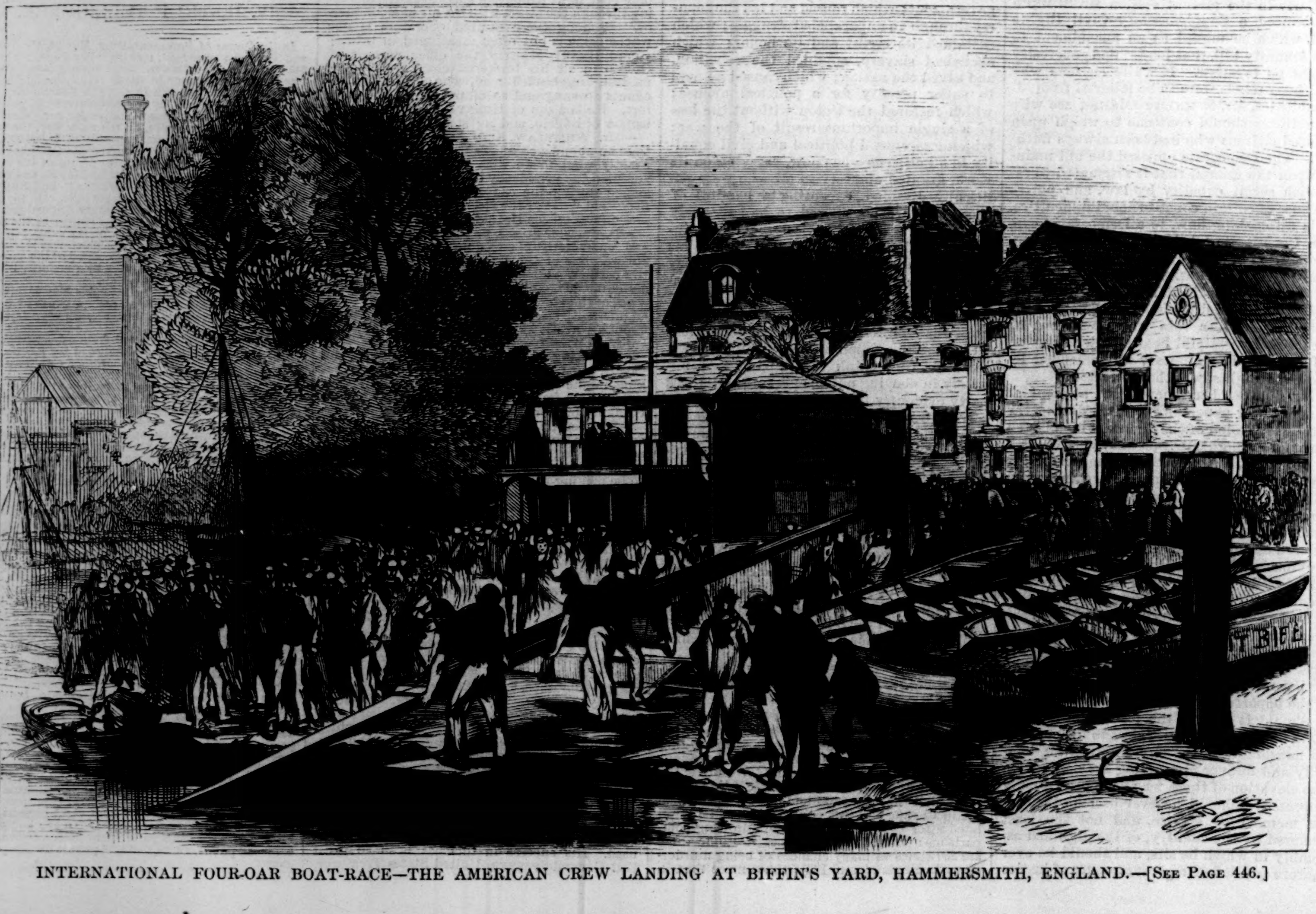
In the great fire at Yedo, Japan, eight persons were killed and fifty severely wounded. Of the houses destroyed 17 were large government offices, 60 temples, 287 small public offices, and 4753 private dwellings and shops.



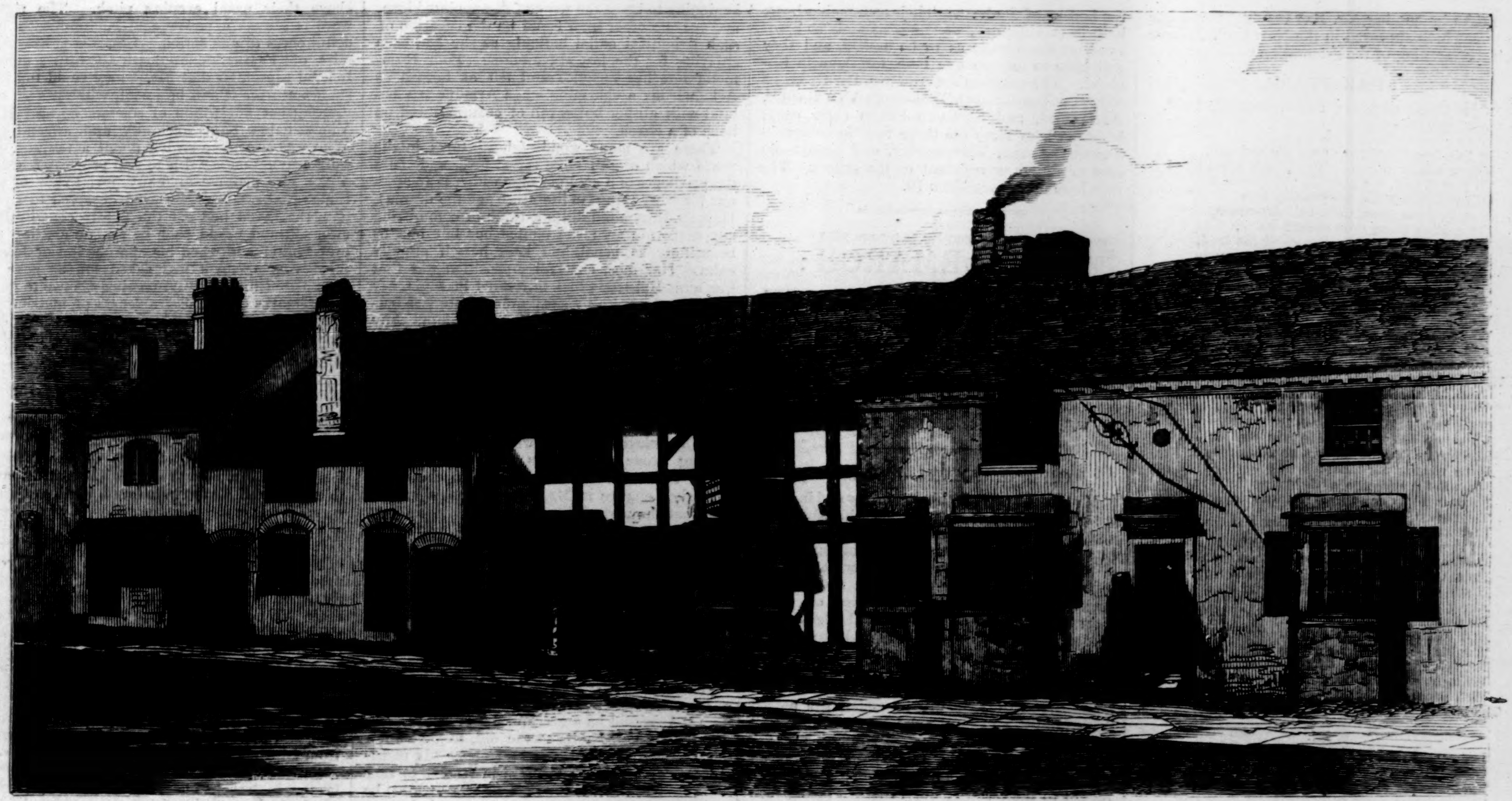
BETWEEN THE STRIKE AND THE FAMILY.—[Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.]

THE STRIKE AND THE FAMILY.

The success of the recent strikes, by which the practical operation of the eight-hour law was secured in New York, was a signal triumph of combination among the working-men; but unless their future movements are wisely guided, the victory will be worse for them than defeat would have been. Every thing which tends to place labor and capital in antagonism must work evil to both. Too often strikes have been instigated by designing leaders when the great body of working-men have been prosperous and contented, and such movements have brought misery upon thousands of families. The first illustration on this page refers to one of these causeless strikes. The sturdy workman, leaning on his anvil, appears to be wavering between allegiance to his society and his duty to his family; but it looks as if the pleading wife was to win the day.



INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OAR BOAT-RACE—THE AMERICAN CREW LANDING AT BIFFIN'S YARD, HAMMERSMITH, ENGLAND.—[See Page 446.]



SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

SHAKSPEARE.

On Thursday, the 23d of May, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's admirable statue of Shakspeare, of which we give an engraving on this page, was unveiled in Central Park, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Chief Justice Daly presided on the occasion, Mr. William Cullen Bryant made an eloquent and appropriate address, and Mr. Edwin Booth recited, with great effect, a fine Shakspearean poem by R. H. Stoddard.

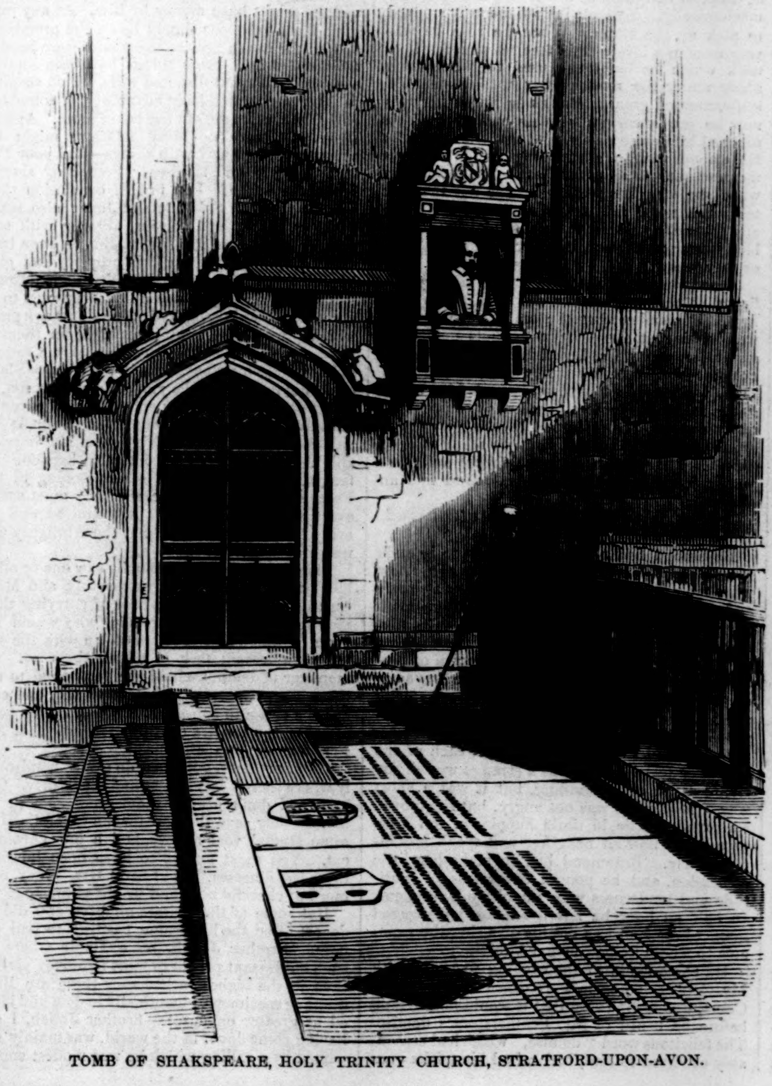
In connection with this interesting ceremony we give pictures of the birth-place and tomb of the poet. The house is situated in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. It will at least enable us to form an idea of the sort of habitation usually occupied by respectable "gentleman farmers" of the time of "Good Queen Bess," to which class John Shakspeare is supposed to have belonged.

The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. The bust is of the size of life, and stands fixed under an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble; upon the entablature are the arms of Shakspeare, surmounted by a skull and flanked by two small figures, as seen in the engraving. Originally the bust was colored to resemble life. The hands and face were of flesh-color, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The doublet, or coat, was scarlet; over which was a loose black tabard, or gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushions on which his hands rest was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, had it repaired, and the original colors preserved, in 1748; but in 1793, says Britton, "Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, and thus at once destroyed its original character and injured the expression of the face."

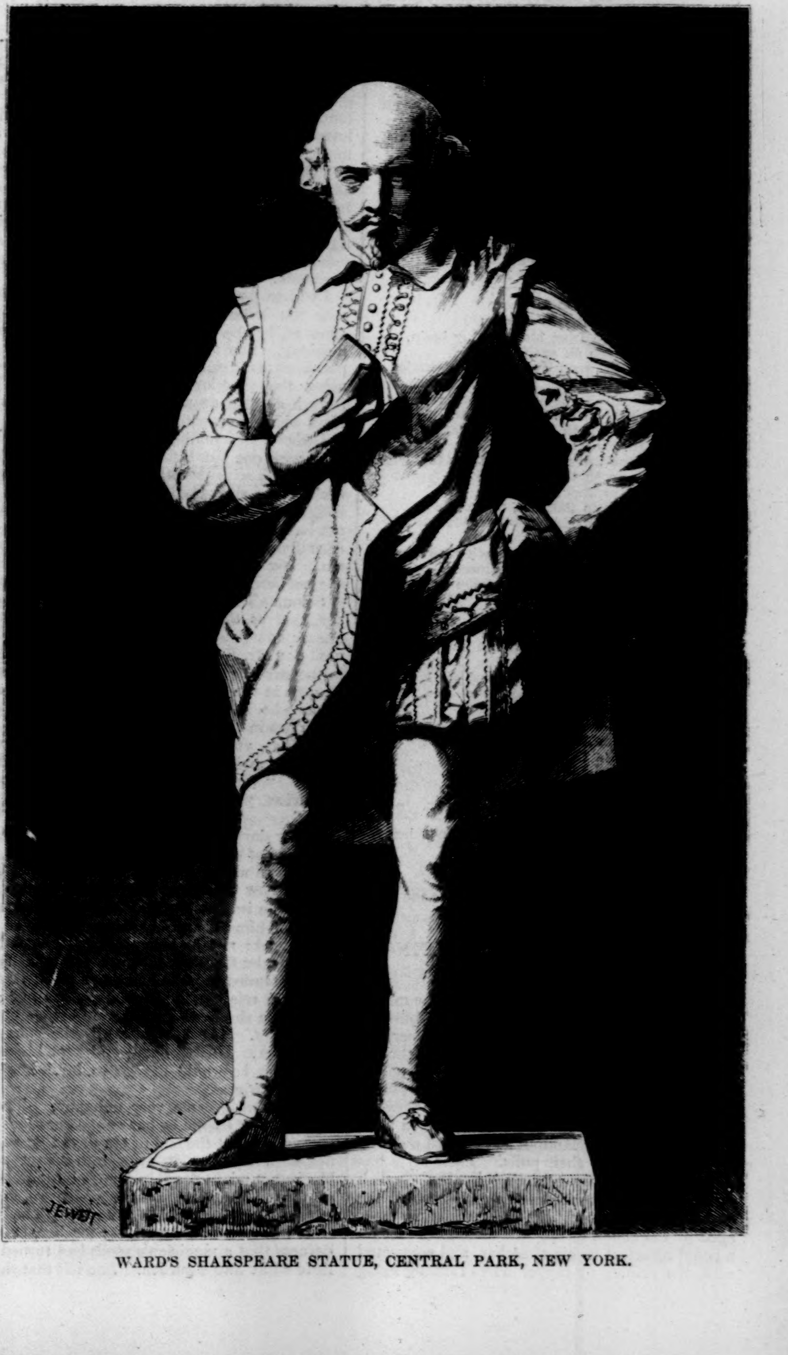
Upon the tablet beneath the bust are two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in English, and below the monument, upon the stone covering the grave, are the well-known lines:

> Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
> To dig the dust encloased heare:
> Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

We can not more appropriately close this arti-



TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



WARD'S SHAKSPEARE STATUE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

cle than by quoting Mr. Bayard Taylor's fine poem, which appeared in the New York *Tribune* on the morning of the celebration:

SHAKSPEARE.

NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK, MAY 23, 1872.

I.

In this free Pantheon of the air and sun,
Where stubborn granite grudgingly gives place
To petted turf, the garden's daintier race
Of flowers, and Art hath slowly won
A smile from grim, primeval barrenness,
What alien Form doth stand?
Where scarcely yet the heroes of the land,
As in their Future's haven, from the stress
Of all opposing tides, find quiet deep
Of bronze or marble sleep,
What Stranger comes to join the scanty band?
Who pauses here, as one that muses
While centuries of men go by,
And unto all our questioning refuses
His clear infallible reply?
Who hath his will of us, beneath our New-World sky?

II.

Here, in his right, he stands!
No sweep of earth-dividing seas can bar
The breeze of morning or the morning-star
From visiting our lands:
His wit the breeze, his wisdom as the star,
Shone where our earliest life was set, and blew
To freshen deed and plan
In brains American—
To urge, resist, encourage, and subdue!
He came, a household ghost we could not ban:
He sat, on Winter nights, by cabin fires;
His Summer fairies linked their hands
Along our yellow sands;
He preached within the shadow of our spires;
And when the certain Fate drew nigh to cleave
The birth-cord, and a separate being leave,
He, in our ranks of patient-hearted men,
Wrought with the boundless forces of his fame,
Victorious, and became
The Master of our Thought, the Land's first Citizen.

III.

If, here, his image seem
Of softer scenes and grayer skies to dream,
Thatched cot and rustic tavern, ivied hall,
The cuckoo's April call,
And cowslip meads beside the Avon stream,
He shall not fail that other home to find,
We could not leave behind!
The forms of Passion, which his fancy drew,
In us their ancient likenesses beget;
So, from our lives forever born anew,
He stands amid his own creations yet!
Here comes lean Cassius, of conventions tired;
Here, in his coach, luxurious Antony,
Beside his Egypt, still of men admired;
And Brutus plans a purer liberty!
A thousand Shylocks, Jew and Christian, pass;
A hundred Hamlets, by their times betrayed;
And sweet Anne Page comes tripping o'er the grass;
And antlered Falstaff pants beneath the shade.
Here toss upon the wanton Summer wind
The locks of Rosalind;
Here some gay glove the damnéd spot conceals
Which Lady Macbeth feels;
His ease here smiling smooth Iago takes;
And outcast Lear gives passage to his woe.
And here some foiled Reformer sadly breaks
His wand of Prospero!
Here Justice Shallow, famous for delay,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Opes with portentous menace to the day
The mouth so seldom shut!
In liveried splendor, side by side,
Nick Bottom and Titania ride;
And Portia, flushed with cheers of men,
Disdains dear, faithful Imogen;
And Puck, beside the form of Morse,
Stops on his forty-minute course;
And Ariel from his swinging bow
A blossom casts on Bryant's brow;
Until, as summoned from his brooding brain,
He sees his children all again
In us, as on our lips, each fresh, immortal strain!

IV.

Be welcome, Master! In our active air
Keep the calm strength we need to learn of thee!
A steadfast anchor be
Through passions that exhaust and times that wear!
Thy kindred race, that scarcely knows
What power is in Repose,
What permanence in Patience, what renown
In silent faith and plodding toil of Art
That shyly works apart,
All these in thee unconsciously doth crown!—
Forgotten virtue feels in thee restored,
And through its genius gives to thine award!

V.

The Many grow, through honor to the One;
And what of loftier life we do not live
This Form shall help to give,
In our free Pantheon of the air and sun!
Here, where the noise of Trade is loudest,
It builds a shrine august,
To show, when pomp of Wealth is proudest,
How brief is gilded dust!
How Art succeeds, though long;
And o'er the tumult of the generations,
The sole enduring spirit of the nations,
How speaks the voice of Song!
Our City, at her gateways of the sea,
Twines bay around the mural crown upon her,
And wins new love and nobler dignity,
Giving the Poet honor!
If what he was we never can renew,
Still, knowing, honoring him, we may be wise and true!

THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH.

The preparations on the Thames for the match between a London and an American four-oar crew, who row without a cockswain to steer the boat, have for some weeks past engaged the attention of all who are interested in river sports. The American crew keep their boat at Biffin's yard, Hammersmith, from which place they go out for daily exercise. The illustration on page 444 represents their landing at the yard on their return from one of their pulls. Their style has been very favorably criticised by the English newspapers, who notice as something novel the apparatus for steering the boat, which is managed by the action of the bow oarsman's foot on a pedal attached to his stretcher, and connected with the rudder by copper wires running along the bottom of the boat. Their own racing boat, built in this country, was unfortunately so damaged on the voyage as to be useless, and they will have to rely on one built for them in England. The names of the crew are, Dr. Russell Withers (stroke oar), Theodore Van Raden, A. Hardy, and Edward Smith (bow oar); besides whom there are three men in reserve—James O'Neill, Waterbury, and Leroy—in case of illness or accident to the others. The race is to take place June 10.

(Continued from No. 804, page 423.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book III.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

Mr. Bulstrode in things worldly and indifferent was disposed to do what his wife bade him, and she now, without telling her reasons, desired him on the next opportunity to find out in conversation with Mr. Lydgate whether he had any intention of marrying soon. The result was a decided negative. Mr. Bulstrode, on being cross-questioned, showed that Lydgate had spoken as no man would who had any attachment that could issue in matrimony. Mrs. Bulstrode now felt that she had a serious duty before her, and she soon managed to arrange a *tête-à-tête* with Lydgate, in which she passed from inquiries about Fred Vincy's health, and expressions of her sincere anxiety for her brother's large family, to general remarks on the dangers which lay before young people with regard to their settlement in life. Young men were often wild and disappointing, making little return for the money spent on them, and a girl was exposed to many circumstances which might interfere with her prospects.

"Especially when she has great attractions, and her parents see much company," said Mrs. Bulstrode. "Gentlemen pay her attention, and engross her all to themselves, for the mere pleasure of the moment, and that drives off others. I think it is a heavy responsibility, Mr. Lydgate, to interfere with the prospects of any girl." Here Mrs. Bulstrode fixed her eyes on him with an unmistakable purpose of warning, if not of rebuke.

"Clearly," said Lydgate, looking at her—perhaps even staring a little in return. "On the other hand, a man must be a great coxcomb to go about with a notion that he must not pay attention to a young lady lest she should fall in love with him, or lest others should think she must."

"Oh, Mr. Lydgate, you know well what your advantages are. You know that our young men here can not cope with you. Where you frequent a house it may militate very much against a girl's making a desirable settlement in life, and prevent her from accepting offers even if they are made."

Lydgate was less flattered by his advantage over the Middlemarch Orlandos than he was annoyed by the perception of Mrs. Bulstrode's meaning. She felt that she had spoken as impressively as it was necessary to do, and that in using the superior word "militate" she had thrown a noble drapery over a mass of particulars which were still evident enough.

Lydgate was fuming a little, pushed his hair back with one hand, felt curiously in his waistcoat pocket with the other, and then stooped to beckon the tiny black spaniel, which had the insight to decline his hollow caresses. It would not have been decent to go away, because he had been dining with other guests, and had just taken tea. But Mrs. Bulstrode, having no doubt that she had been understood, turned the conversation.

Solomon's Proverbs, I think, have omitted to say, that as the sore palate findeth grit, so an uneasy consciousness heareth innuendoes. The next day Mr. Farebrother, parting from Lydgate in the street, supposed that they should meet at Vincy's in the evening. Lydgate answered curtly, no—he had work to do—he must give up going out in the evening.

"What, you are going to get lashed to the mast, eh, and are stopping your ears?" said the Vicar. "Well, if you don't mean to be won by the sirens, you are right to take precautions in time."

A few days before, Lydgate would have taken no notice of these words as any thing more than the Vicar's usual way of putting things. They seemed now to convey an innuendo which confirmed the impression that he had been making a fool of himself and behaving so as to be misunderstood: not, he believed, by Rosamond herself; she, he felt sure, took every thing as lightly as he intended it. She had an exquisite tact and insight in relation to all points of manner; but the people she lived among were blunderers and busybodies. However, the mistake should go no farther. He resolved—and kept his resolution—that he would not go to Mr. Vincy's except on business.

Rosamond became very unhappy. The uneasiness first stirred by her aunt's questions grew and grew till at the end of ten days that she had not seen Lydgate it grew into terror at the blank that might possibly come—into foreboding of that ready, fatal sponge which so cheaply wipes out the hopes of mortals. The world would have a new dreariness for her, as a wilderness that a magician's spells had turned for a little while into a garden. She felt that she was beginning to know the pang of disappointed love, and that no other man could be the occasion of such delightful aerial building as she had been enjoying for the last six months. Poor Rosamond lost her appetite and felt as forlorn as Ariadne—as a charming stage Ariadne left behind with all her boxes full of costumes and no hope of a coach.

There are many wonderful mixtures in the world which are all alike called love, and claim the privileges of a sublime rage which is an apology for every thing (in literature and the drama). Happily Rosamond did not think of committing any desperate act: she plaited her fair hair as beautifully as usual, and kept herself proudly calm. Her most cheerful supposition was that her aunt Bulstrode had interfered in some way to hinder Lydgate's visits: every thing was better than a spontaneous indifference in him. Any one who imagines ten days too short a time—not for falling into leanness, lightness, or other measurable effects of passion, but for the whole spiritual circuit of alarmed conjecture and disappointment, is ignorant of what can go on in the elegant leisure of a young lady's mind.

On the eleventh day, however, Lydgate, when leaving Stone Court, was requested by Mrs. Vincy to let her husband know that there was a marked change in Mr. Featherstone's health, and that she wished him to come to Stone Court on that day. Now Lydgate might have called at the warehouse, or might have written a message on a leaf of his pocket-book and left it at the door. Yet these simple devices apparently did not occur to him, from which we may conclude that he had no strong objection to calling at the house at an hour when Mr. Vincy was not at home, and leaving the message with Miss Vincy. A man may, from various motives, decline to give his company, but perhaps not even a sage would be gratified that nobody missed him. It would be a graceful, easy way of piecing on the new habits to the old, to have a few playful words with Rosamond about his resistance to dissipation, and his firm resolve to take long fasts even from sweet sounds. It must be confessed, also, that momentary speculations as to all the possible grounds for Mrs. Bulstrode's hints had managed to get woven like slight clinging hairs into the more substantial web of his thoughts.

Miss Vincy was alone, and blushed so deeply when Lydgate came in that he felt a corresponding embarrassment, and instead of any playfulness, he began at once to speak of his reason for calling, and to beg her, almost formally, to deliver the message to her father. Rosamond, who at the first moment felt as if her happiness were returning, was keenly hurt by Lydgate's manner; her blush had departed, and she assented coldly, without adding an unnecessary word, some trivial chain-work which she had in her hands enabling her to avoid looking at Lydgate higher than his chin. In all failures, the beginning is certainly the half of the whole. After sitting two long moments while he moved his whip and could say nothing, Lydgate rose to go, and Rosamond, made nervous by her struggle between mortification and the wish not to betray it, dropped her chain as if startled, and rose too, mechanically. Lydgate instantaneously stooped to pick up the chain. When he rose he was very near to a lovely little face set on a fair long neck which he had been used to see turning about under the most perfect management of self-contented grace. But as he raised his eyes now he saw a certain helpless quivering which touched him quite newly, and made him look at Rosamond with a questioning flash. At this moment she was as natural as she had ever been when she was five years old; she felt that her tears had risen, and it was no use to try to do any thing else than let them stay like water on a blue flower or let them fall over her cheeks, even as they would.

That moment of naturalness was the crystallizing feather-touch. It shook flirtation into love. Remember that the ambitious man who was looking at those forget-me-nots under the water was very warm-hearted and rash. He did not know where the chain went; an idea had thrilled through the recesses within him which had a miraculous effect in raising the power of passionate love lying buried there in no sealed sepulchre, but under the lightest, easily pierced mould. His words were quite abrupt and awkward; but the tone made them sound like an ardent, appealing avowal.

"What is the matter? you are distressed. Tell me—pray."

Rosamond had never been spoken to in such tones before. I am not sure that she knew what the words were; but she looked at Lydgate and the tears fell over her cheeks. There could have been no more complete answer than that silence, and Lydgate, forgetting every thing else, completely mastered by the outrush of tenderness at the sudden belief that this sweet young creature depended on him for her joy, actually put his arms round her, folding her gently and protectingly—he was used to being gentle with the weak and suffering—and kissed each of the two large tears. This was a strange way of arriving at an understanding, but it was a short way. Rosamond was not angry, but she moved backward a little in timid happiness, and Lydgate could now sit near her and speak less incompletely. Rosamond had to make her little confession, and he poured out words of gratitude and tenderness with impulsive lavishment. In half an hour he left the house an engaged man, whose soul was not his own, but the woman's to whom he had bound himself.

He came again in the evening to speak with Mr. Vincy, who, just returned from Stone Court, was feeling sure that it would not be long before he heard of Mr. Featherstone's demise. The felicitous word "demise," which had seasonably occurred to him, had raised his spirits even above their usual evening pitch. The right word is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action. Considered as a demise, old Featherstone's death assumed a merely legal aspect, so that Mr. Vincy could tap his snuff-box over it and be jovial, without even an intermittent affectation of solemnity; and Mr. Vincy hated both solemnity and affectation. Who was ever awe-struck about a testator, or sang a hymn on the title to real property? Mr. Vincy was inclined to take a jovial view of all things that evening: he even observed to Lydgate that Fred had got the family constitution after all, and would soon be as fine a fellow as ever again; and when his approbation of Rosamond's engagement was asked for, he gave it with astonishing facility, passing at once to general remarks on the desirableness of matrimony for young men and maidens, and apparently deducing from the whole the appropriateness of a little more punch.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."
—Shakspeare: *Tempest.*

The triumphant confidence of the Mayor, founded on Mr. Featherstone's insistent demand that Fred and his mother should not leave him, was a feeble emotion compared with all that was agitating the breasts of the old man's blood-relations, who naturally manifested more their sense of the family tie and were more visibly numerous now that he had become bedridden. Naturally: for when "poor Peter" had occupied his arm-chair in the wainscoted parlor no assiduous beetles for whom the cook prepares boiling water could have been less welcome on a hearth which they had reasons for preferring than those persons whose Featherstone blood was ill nourished, not from penuriousness on their part, but from poverty. Brother Solomon and sister Jane were rich, and the family candor and total abstinence from false politeness with which they were always received seemed to them no argument that their brother in the solemn act of making his will would overlook the superior claims of wealth. Themselves, at least, he had never been unnatural enough to banish from his house, and it seemed hardly eccentric that he should have kept away brother Jonah, sister Martha, and the rest, who had no shadow of such claims. They knew Peter's maxim, that money was a good egg, and should be laid in a warm nest.

But brother Jonah, sister Martha, and all the needy exiles held a different point of view. Probabilities are as various as the faces to be seen at will in fretwork or paper-hangings: every form is there, from Jupiter to Judy, if you only look with creative inclination. To the poorer and least favored it seemed likely that, since Peter had done nothing for them in his life, he would remember them at the last. Jonah argued that men liked to make a surprise of their wills, while Martha said that nobody need be surprised if he left the best part of his money to those who least expected it. Also it was not to be thought but that an own brother "lying there" with dropsy in his legs must come to feel that blood was thicker than water, and if he didn't alter his will, he might have money by him. At any rate some blood-relations should be on the premises, and on the watch against those who were hardly relations at all. Such things had been known as forged wills and disputed wills, which seemed to have the golden-hazy advantage of somehow enabling non-legatees to live out of them. Again, those who were no blood-relations might be caught making away with things—and poor Peter "lying there" helpless! Somebody should be on the watch. But in this conclusion they were at one with Solomon and Jane; also, some nephews, nieces, and cousins, arguing with still greater subtilty as to what might be done by a man able to "will away" his property and give himself large treats of oddity, felt in a handsome sort of way that there was a family interest to be attended to, and thought of Stone Court as a place which it would be nothing but right for them to visit. Sister Martha, otherwise Mrs. Cranch, living with some wheeziness in the Chalky Flats, could not undertake the journey; but her son, as being poor Peter's own nephew, could represent her advantageously, and watch lest his uncle Jonah should make an unfair use of the improbable things which seemed likely to happen. In fact, there was a general sense running in the Featherstone blood that every body must watch every body else, and that it would be well for every body else to reflect that the Almighty was watching him.

Thus Stone Court continually saw one or other blood-relation alighting or departing, and Mary Garth had the unpleasant task of carrying their messages to Mr. Featherstone, who would see none of them, and sent her down with the still more unpleasant task of telling them so. As manager of the household she felt bound to ask them in good provincial fashion to stay and eat; but she chose to consult Mrs. Vincy on the point of extra down-stairs consumption now that Mr. Featherstone was laid up.

"Oh, my dear, you must do things handsomely where there's last illness and a property. God knows, *I* don't grudge them every ham in the house—only save the best for the funeral. Have some stuffed veal always, and a fine cheese in cut. You must expect to keep open house in these last illnesses," said liberal Mrs. Vincy, once more of cheerful note and bright plumage.

But some of the visitors alighted and did not depart after the handsome treating to veal and ham. Brother Jonah, for example (there are such unpleasant people in most families; perhaps even in the highest aristocracy there are Brobdingnag specimens, gigantically in debt and bloated at greater expense)—brother Jonah, I say, having come down in the world, was mainly supported by a calling which he was modest enough not to boast of, though it was much better than swindling either on exchange or turf, but which did not require his presence at Brassing so long as he had a good corner to sit in and a supply of food. He chose the kitchen corner, partly because he liked it best, and partly because he did not want to sit with Solomon, concerning whom he had a strong brotherly opinion. Seated in a famous arm-chair and in his best suit, constantly within sight of good cheer, he had a comfortable consciousness of being on the premises, mingled with fleeting suggestions of Sunday and the bar at the Green Man; and he informed Mary Garth that he should not go out of reach of his brother Peter while that poor fellow was aboveground. The troublesome ones in a family are usually either the wits or the idiots. Jonah was the wit among the Featherstones, and joked with the maid-servants when they came about the hearth, but seemed to consider Miss Garth a suspicious character, and followed her with cold eyes.

Mary would have borne this one pair of eyes with comparative ease, but unfortunately there was young Cranch, who, having come all the way from the Chalky Flats to represent his mother and watch his uncle Jonah, also felt it his duty to stay and to sit chiefly in the kitchen to give his uncle company. Young Cranch was not exactly the balancing point between the wit and the idiot—verging slightly toward the latter type, and squinting so as to leave every thing in doubt about his sentiments except that they were not of a forcible character. When Mary Garth entered the kitchen, and Mr. Jonah Featherstone began to follow her with his cold detective eyes, young Cranch, turning his head in the same direction, seemed to insist on it that she should remark how he was squinting, as if he did it with design, like the gypsies when Borrow read the New Testament to them. This was rather too much for poor Mary; sometimes it made her bilious, sometimes it upset her gravity. One day that she had an opportunity she could not resist describing the kitchen scene to Fred, who would not be hindered from immediately going to see it, affecting simply to pass through. But no sooner did he face the four eyes than he had to rush through the nearest door, which happened to lead to the dairy, and there under the high roof and among the pans he gave way to laughter which made a hollow resonance perfectly audible in the kitchen. He fled by another doorway, but Mr. Jonah, who had not before seen Fred's white complexion, long legs, and pinched delicacy of face, prepared many sarcasms in which these points of appearance were wittily combined with the lowest moral attributes.

"Why, Tom, *you* don't wear such gentlemanly trowsers—*you* haven't got half such fine long legs," said Jonah to his nephew, winking at the same time, to imply that there was something more in these statements than their undeniableness. Tom looked at his legs, but left it uncertain whether he preferred his moral advantages to a more vicious length of limb and reprehensible gentility of trowsers.

In the large wainscoted parlor, too, there were constantly pairs of eyes on the watch, and own relatives eager to be "sitters-up." Many came, lunched, and departed, but brother Solomon and the lady who had been Jane Featherstone for twenty-five years before she was Mrs. Waule found it good to be there every day for hours, without other calculable occupation than that of observing the cunning Mary Garth (who was so deep that she could be found out in nothing) and giving occasional dry wrinkly indications of crying—as if capable of torrents in a wetter season—at the thought that they were not allowed to go into Mr. Featherstone's room. For the old man's dislike of his own family seemed to get stronger as he got less able to amuse himself by saying biting things to them. Too languid to sting, he had the more venom refluent in his blood.

Not fully believing the message sent through Mary Garth, they had presented themselves together within the door of the bedroom, both in black—Mrs. Waule having a white handkerchief partially unfolded in her hand—and both with faces in a sort of half-mourning purple, while Mrs. Vincy with her pink cheeks and pink ribbons flying was actually administering a cordial to their own brother, and the light-complexioned Fred, his short hair curling as might be expected in a gambler's, was lolling at his ease in a large chair.

Old Featherstone no sooner caught sight of these funereal figures appearing in spite of his orders than rage came to strengthen him more successfully than the cordial. He was propped up on a bed-rest, and always had his gold-headed stick lying by him. He seized it now and swept it backward and forward in as large an area as he could, apparently to ban these ugly spectres, crying, in a hoarse sort of screech,

"Back, back, Mrs. Waule! Back, Solomon!"

"Oh, brother Peter," Mrs. Waule began—but Solomon put his hand before her repressingly. He was a large-cheeked man, nearly seventy, with small furtive eyes, and was not only of much blander temper but thought himself much deeper than his brother Peter; indeed, not likely to be deceived in any of his fellow-men, inasmuch as they could not well be more greedy and deceitful than he suspected them of being. Even the invisible powers, he thought, were likely to be soothed by a bland parenthesis here and there—coming from a man of property, who might have been as impious as others.

"Brother Peter," he said, in a wheedling yet gravely official tone, "it's nothing but right I should speak to you about the Three Crofts and the Manganese. The Almighty knows what I've got on my mind—"

"Then He knows more than I want to know," said Peter, laying down his stick with a show of truce, which had a threat in it too, for he reversed the stick so as to make the gold handle a club in case of closer fighting, and looked hard at Solomon's bald head.

"There's things you might repent of, brother, for want of speaking to me," said Solomon, not advancing, however. "I could sit up with you to-night, and Jane with me, willingly, and you might take your own time to speak, or let me speak."

"Yes, I shall take my own time—you needn't offer me yours."

"But you can't take your own time to die in, brother," began Mrs. Waule, with her usual woolly tone. "And when you lie speechless you may be tired of having strangers about you, and you may think of me and my children"—But here her voice broke under the touching thought which she was attributing to her speechless brother; the mention of ourselves being naturally affecting.

"No, I sha'n't," said old Featherstone, contradictiously. "I sha'n't think of any of you. I've made my will, I tell you, I've made my will." Here he turned his head toward Mrs. Vincy, and swallowed some more of his cordial.

"Some people would be ashamed to fill up a place belonging by rights to others," said Mrs. Waule, turning her narrow eyes in the same direction.

"Oh, sister," said Solomon, with ironical softness, "you and me are not fine and handsome and clever enough: we must be humble and let smart people push themselves before us."

Fred's spirit could not bear this: rising and looking at Mr. Featherstone, he said, "Shall my mother and I leave the room, Sir, that you may be alone with your friends?"

"Sit down, I tell you," said old Featherstone, snappishly. "Stop where you are. Good-by, Solomon," he added, trying to wield his stick again, but failing, now that he had reversed the handle. "Good-by, Mrs. Waule. Don't you come again."

"I shall be down stairs, brother, whether or no," said Solomon. "I shall do *my* duty, and it remains to be seen what the Almighty will allow."

"Yes, in property going out of families," said Mrs. Waule, in continuation—"and where there's steady young men to carry on. But I pity them who are not such, and I pity their mothers. Good-by, brother Peter."

"Remember, I'm the eldest after you, brother, and prospered from the first, just as you did, and have got land already by the name of Featherstone," said Solomon, relying much on that reflection, as one which might be suggested in the watches of the night. "But I bid you good-by for the present."

Their exit was hastened by their seeing old Featherstone pull his wig on each side and shut his eyes with his mouth-widening grimace, as if he were determined to be deaf and blind.

None the less they came to Stone Court daily and sat below at the post of duty, sometimes carrying on a slow dialogue in an under-tone, in which the observation and response were so far apart that any one hearing them might have imagined himself listening to speaking automata, in some doubt whether the ingenious mechanism would really work, or wind itself up for a long time in order to stick and be silent. Solomon and Jane would have been sorry to be quick: what that led to might be seen on the other side of the wall in the person of brother Jonah.

But their watch in the wainscoted parlor was sometimes varied by the presence of other guests from far or near. Now that Peter Featherstone was up stairs, his property could be discussed with all that local enlightenment to be found on the spot: some rural and Middlemarch neighbors expressed much agreement with the family and sympathy with their interest against the Vincys, and feminine visitors were even moved to tears, in conversation with Mrs. Waule, when they recalled the fact that they themselves had been disappointed in times past by codicils and marriages for spite on the part of ungrateful elderly gentlemen, who, it might have been supposed, had been spared for something better. Such conversation paused suddenly, like an organ when the bellows are let drop, if Mary Garth came into the room; and all eyes were turned on her as a possible legatee, or one who might get access to iron chests.

But the younger men who were relatives or connections of the family were disposed to admire her in this problematic light, as a girl who showed much conduct, and who, among all the chances that were flying, might turn out to be at least a moderate prize. Hence she had her share of compliments and polite attentions.

Especially from Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, a distinguished bachelor and auctioneer of those parts, much concerned in the sale of land and cattle: a public character, indeed, whose name was seen on widely distributed placards, and who might reasonably be sorry for those who did not know of him. He was second cousin to Peter Featherstone, and had been treated by him with more amenity than any other relative, being useful in matters of business: and in that programme of his funeral which the old man had himself dictated he had been named as a Bearer. There was no odious cupidity in Mr. Borthrop Trumbull—nothing more than a sincere sense of his own merit, which, he was aware, in case of rivalry might tell against competitors; so that if Peter Featherstone, who, so far as he, Trumbull, was concerned, had behaved like as good a soul as ever breathed, should have done any thing handsome by him, all he could say was that he had never fished and fawned, but had advised him to the best of his experience, which now extended over twenty years from the time of his apprenticeship at fifteen, and was likely to yield a knowledge of no surreptitious kind. His admiration was far from being confined to himself, but was accustomed professionally as well as privately to delight in estimating things at a high rate. He was an amateur of superior phrases, and never used poor language without immediately correcting himself—which was fortunate, as he was rather loud, and given to predominate, standing or walking about frequently, pulling down his waistcoat with the air of a man who is very much of his own opinion, trimming himself rapidly with his forefinger, and marking each new series in these movements by a busy play with his large seals. There was occasionally a little fierceness in his demeanor, but it was directed chiefly against false opinion, of which there is so much to correct in the world that a man of some reading and experience necessarily has his patience tried. He felt that the Featherstone family generally was of limited understanding, but, being a man of the world and a public character, took every thing as a matter of course, and even went to converse with Mr. Jonah and young Cranch in the kitchen, not doubting that he had impressed the latter greatly by his leading questions concerning the Chalky Flats. If any body had observed that Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, being an auctioneer, was bound to know the nature of every thing, he would have smiled and trimmed himself silently with the sense that he came pretty near that. On the whole, in an auctioneering way, he was an honorable man, not ashamed of his business, and feeling that "the celebrated Peel, now Sir Robert," if introduced to him, would not fail to recognize his importance.

"I don't mind if I have a slice of that ham and a glass of that ale, Miss Garth, if you will allow me," he said, coming into the parlor at half past eleven, after having had the exceptional privilege of seeing old Featherstone, and standing with his back to the fire between Mrs. Waule and Solomon. "It's not necessary for you to go out—let me ring the bell."

"Thank you," said Mary, "I have an errand."

"Well, Mr. Trumbull, you're highly favored," said Mrs. Waule.

"What, seeing the old man?" said the auctioneer, playing with his seals dispassionately. "Ah, you see, he has relied on me considerably." Here he pressed his lips together, and frowned meditatively.

"Might any body ask what their brother has been saying?" said Solomon, in a soft tone of humility, in which he had a sense of luxurious cunning, he being a rich man and not in need of it.

"Oh yes, any body may ask," said Mr. Trumbull, with loud and good-humored though cutting sarcasm. "Any body may interrogate. Any one may give their remarks an interrogative turn," he continued, his sonorousness rising with his style. "This is constantly done by good speakers, even when they anticipate no answer. It is what we call a figure of speech—speech at a high figure, as one may say." The eloquent auctioneer smiled at his own ingenuity.

"I shouldn't be sorry to hear he'd remembered *you*, Mr. Trumbull," said Solomon. "I never was against the deserving. It's the undeserving I'm against."

"Ah, there it is, you see, there it is," said Mr. Trumbull, significantly. "It can't be denied that undeserving people have been legatees, and even residuary legatees. It is so, with testamentary dispositions." Again he pursed up his lips and frowned a little.

"Do you mean to say for certain, Mr. Trumbull, that my brother has left his land away from our family?" said Mrs. Waule, on whom, as an unhopeful woman, those long words had a depressing effect.

"A man might as well turn his land into charity land at once as leave it to some people," observed Solomon, his sister's question having drawn no answer.

"What, Blue-Coat land?" said Mrs. Waule, again. "Oh, Mr. Trumbull, you never can mean to say that. It would be flying in the face of the Almighty that's prospered him."

While Mrs. Waule was speaking Mr. Borthrop Trumbull walked away from the fire-place toward the window, patrolling with his forefinger round the inside of his stock, then along his whiskers and the curves of his hair. He now walked to Miss Garth's work-table, opened a book which lay there, and read the title aloud with pompous emphasis as if he were offering it for sale:

"'Anne of Geierstein' (pronounced Jeersteen), 'or the Maiden of the Mist, by the Author of Waverley.'" Then, turning the page, he began, sonorously: "The course of four centuries has well-nigh elapsed since the series of events which are related in the following chapters took place on the Continent." He pronounced the last truly admirable word with the accent on the last syllable, not as unaware of vulgar usage, but feeling that this novel delivery enhanced the sonorous beauty which his reading had given to the whole.

And now the servant came in with the tray, so that the moments for answering Mrs. Waule's questions had gone by safely, while she and Solomon, watching Mr. Trumbull's movements, were thinking that high learning interfered sadly with serious affairs. Mr. Borthrop Trumbull really knew nothing about old Featherstone's will; but he could hardly have been brought to declare any ignorance unless he had been arrested for misprision of treason.

"I shall take a mere mouthful of ham and a glass of ale," he said, reassuringly. "As a man with public business, I take a snack when I can. I will back this ham," he added, after swallowing some morsels with alarming haste, "against any ham in the three kingdoms. In my opinion it is better than the hams at Freshitt Hall—and I think I am a tolerable judge."

"Some don't like so much sugar in their hams," said Mrs. Waule. "But my poor brother would always have sugar."

"If any person demands better, he is at liberty to do so; but, God bless me, what an aroma! I should be glad to buy in that quality, I know. There is some gratification to a gentleman"—here Mr. Trumbull's voice conveyed an emotional remonstrance—"in having this kind of ham set on his table."

He pushed aside his plate, poured out his glass of ale, and drew his chair a little forward, profiting by the occasion to look at the inner side of his legs, which he stroked approvingly—Mr. Trumbull having all those less frivolous airs and gestures which distinguish the predominant races of the North.

"You have an interesting work there, I see, Miss Garth," he observed, when Mary re-entered. "It is by the Author of 'Waverley:' that is Sir Walter Scott. I have bought one of his works myself—a very nice thing, a very superior publication, entitled 'Ivanhoe.' You will not get any writer to beat him in a hurry, I think—he will not, in my opinion, be speedily surpassed. I have just been reading a portion at the commencement of 'Anne of Jeersteen.' It commences well." (Things never began with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull: they always commenced, both in private life and on his handbills.) "You are a reader, I see. Do you subscribe to our Middlemarch library?"

"No," said Mary. "Mr. Fred Vincy brought this book."

"I am a great book-man myself," returned Mr. Trumbull. "I have no less than two hundred volumes in calf, and I flatter myself they are well selected. Also pictures by Murillo, Rubens, Teniers, Titian, Vandyck, and others. I shall be happy to lend you any work you like to mention, Miss Garth."

"I am much obliged," said Mary, hastening away again, "but I have little time for reading."

"I should say my brother has done something for *her* in his will," said Mr. Solomon, in a very low under-tone, when she had shut the door behind her, pointing with his head toward the absent Mary.

"His first wife was a poor match for him, though," said Mrs. Waule. "She brought him nothing: and this young woman is only her niece. And very proud. And my brother has always paid her wage."

"A sensible girl, though, in my opinion," said Mr. Trumbull, finishing his ale, and starting up with an emphatic adjustment of his waistcoat. "I have observed her when she has been mixing medicine in drops. She minds what she is doing, Sir. That is a great point in a woman, and a great point for our friend up stairs, poor dear old soul. A man whose life is of any value should think of his wife as a nurse: that is what I should do, if I married; and I believe I have lived single long enough not to make a mistake in that line. Some men must marry to elevate themselves a little, but when I am in need of that, I hope some one will tell me so—I hope some individual will apprise me of the fact. I wish you good-morning, Mrs. Waule. Good-morning, Mr. Solomon. I trust we shall meet under less melancholy auspices."

When Mr. Trumbull had departed with a fine bow, Solomon, leaning forward, observed to his sister, "You may depend, Jane, my brother has left that girl a lumping sum."

"Any body would think so, from the way Mr. Trumbull talks," said Jane. Then, after a pause, "He talks as if my daughters wasn't to be trusted to give drops."

"Auctioneers talk wild," said Solomon. "Not but what Trumbull has made money."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little "dying," and a deal of lying.

Can the man who attends to the street lamps be called a light character?

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

Coal is coming down—by the canal.

"The prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it."

An Ethereal Imprisonment—Spirits in bond.

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy living in Portland thus excused him to the police: "Sure, Patsey isn't a bad boy at all, but he's troubled with a roosh of mind to the brain!"

A Blazing Business—Kindling wood factories.

Why does a freight car need no locomotive?—Because the freight itself makes the cargo.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "do you think a stove-pipe hat is unbecoming to me?" "It is, decidedly, when it is too much stove," replied the wife.

Always on the Spot—Detectives.

Why is a man who is knocking steadily at a door like a butcher?—Because he knocks and knocks (knocks an ox).

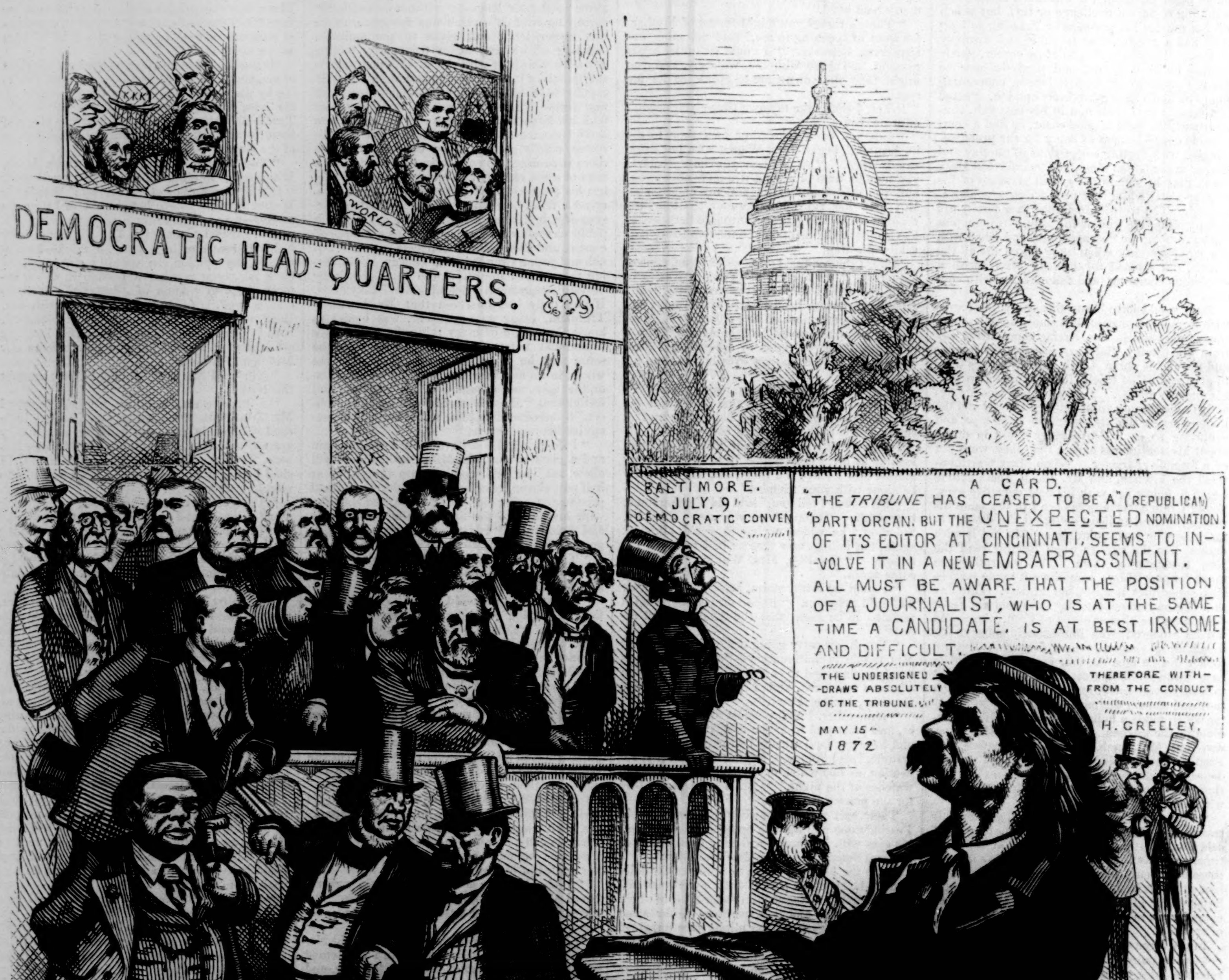
Politicians ought to be the frankest of men. They're in the habit of speaking out.

Shocking—A magnetic battery.

A baby lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink-bottle. Its mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt *write* inside ever since.

A man went into a Pittsburg saloon recently, and asked for a glass of Sheriff's ale.

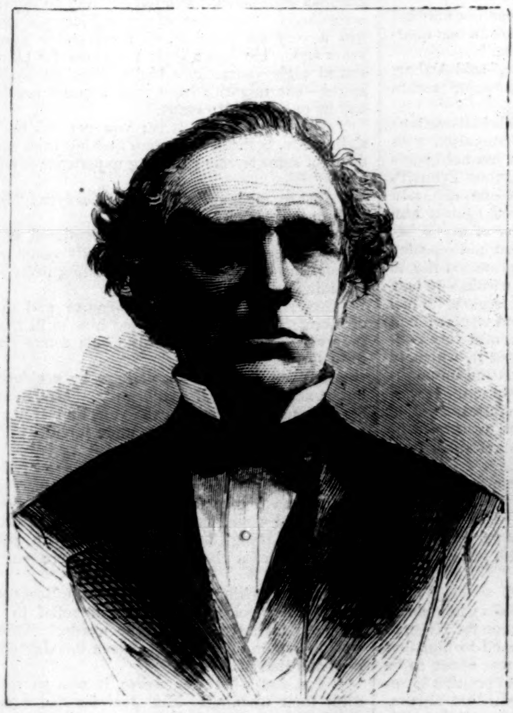
It is rumored that a circular will soon be issued asking that all the damaged crockery in the United States be shipped to Mr. Gilmore. The design is to put it loosely into hogsheads, which are to be dropped from the roof of the Coliseum by electrical machinery to a place prepared on the stage, to heighten the orchestral crash. The effect will be like the clashing of gigantic cymbals.

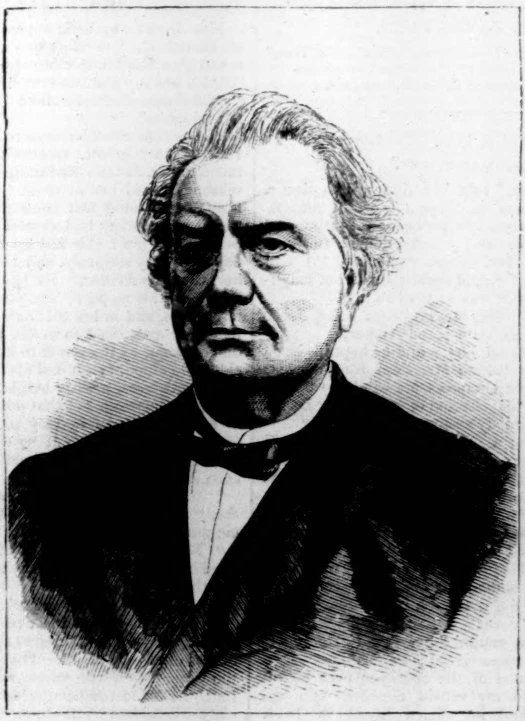

KKK
WORLD
DEMOCRATIC HEAD-QUARTERS.
BALTIMORE.
JULY. 9th
DEMOCRATIC CONVEN
A CARD.
"THE TRIBUNE HAS CEASED TO BE A" (REPUBLICAN)
"PARTY ORGAN. BUT THE UNEXPECTED NOMINATION
OF IT'S EDITOR AT CINCINNATI, SEEMS TO IN-
-VOLVE IT IN A NEW EMBARRASSMENT.
ALL MUST BE AWARE THAT THE POSITION
OF A JOURNALIST, WHO IS AT THE SAME
TIME A CANDIDATE, IS AT BEST IRKSOME
AND DIFFICULT.
THE UNDERSIGNED THEREFORE WITH-
-DRAWS ABSOLUTELY FROM THE CONDUCT
OF THE TRIBUNE.
MAY 15th
1872
H. GREELEY.
N.Y. TRIBUNE.
TUNES
THE BONNY BLUE FLAG
ERIN GO BRACH.
A CARD.
THIS IS
NOT
AN ORGAN.
H.G. & WHITELAW REID.
VOTES
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GETTING VOTES H.C
GRATZ BROWN.

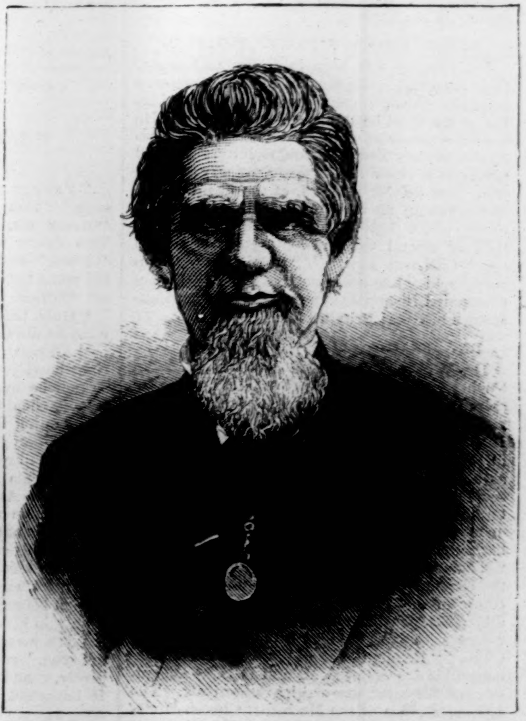
THE NEW ORGAN- (we beg the "Tribune's" pardon) -IZATION ON ITS "NEW DEPARTURE."—ANY THING TO GET VOTES.

"The brain, the heart, the soul, of the present Democratic Party is the rebel element at the South, with its Northern allies and sympathizers. It is rebel to the core to-day."—*New York Tribune* (old tune), February, 1871.

THE NEW METHODIST BISHOPS.


DR. THOMAS BOWMAN.


DR. W. L. HARRIS.


DR. R. S. FOSTER.

Among the acts of the Methodist General Conference at Brooklyn not the least important was the election and ordination of eight new bishops. The election occupied the sessions of two days, and excited the most profound interest among the members of the Conference and the spectators who crowded the galleries of the spacious Academy of Music, in which the sittings were held. It is conceded that the choice fell upon men whose high Christian character, scholarship, training, and eminent standing in the denomination entitle them to the fullest confidence of their brethren. The Conference is to be congratulated upon the satisfactory manner in which this part of its labors was performed.

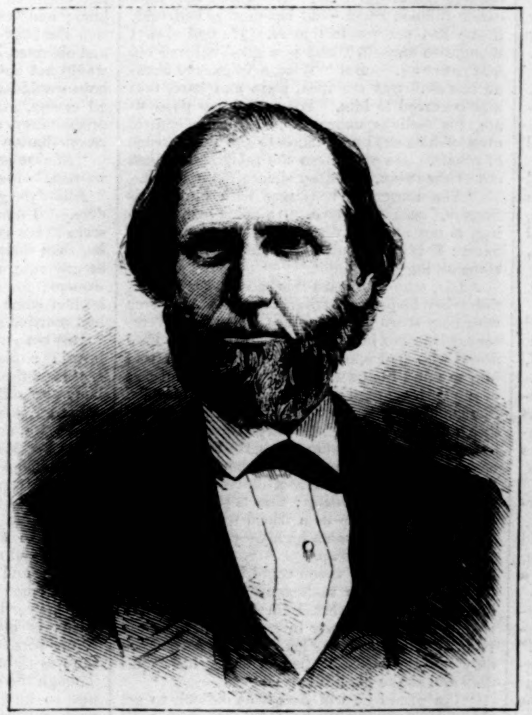
On this page we have grouped the portraits of the new bishops, from photographs by C. H. Williamson of Brooklyn, with a few biographical notes.

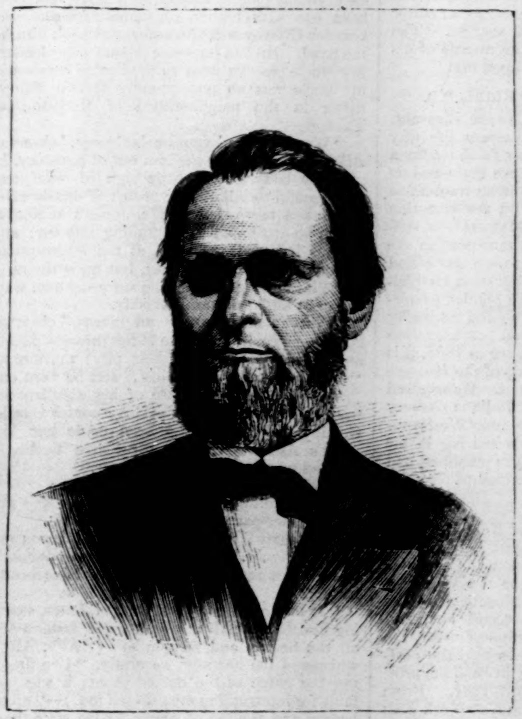
REV. THOMAS BOWMAN, D.D.

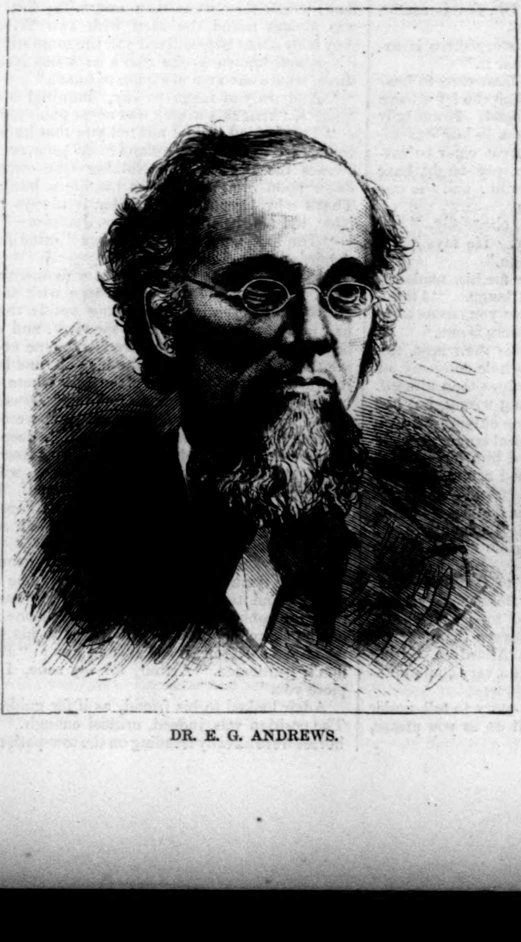
Dr. Bowman was born in Berwick, Pennsylvania, July 15, 1817. His grandfather, Rev. Thomas Bowman, aided by his brother Christian, introduced Methodism into the North Branch country at an early date, commanding immense audiences from Baltimore through to the Canadas. Dr. Bowman was converted while a student at Cazenovia Seminary in 1832, was graduated at Dickinson College in 1837, and entered the old Baltimore Conference in 1839. In 1849 he was elected president of Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, continuing in that position ten years. In 1859 he was stationed at Lewisburg, and from thence was called to the presidency of Indiana Asbury University, at Greencastle. At Philadelphia, in 1864, he was elected with Bishop Janes a fraternal delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference. He was chaplain to the United States Senate in 1864–65.

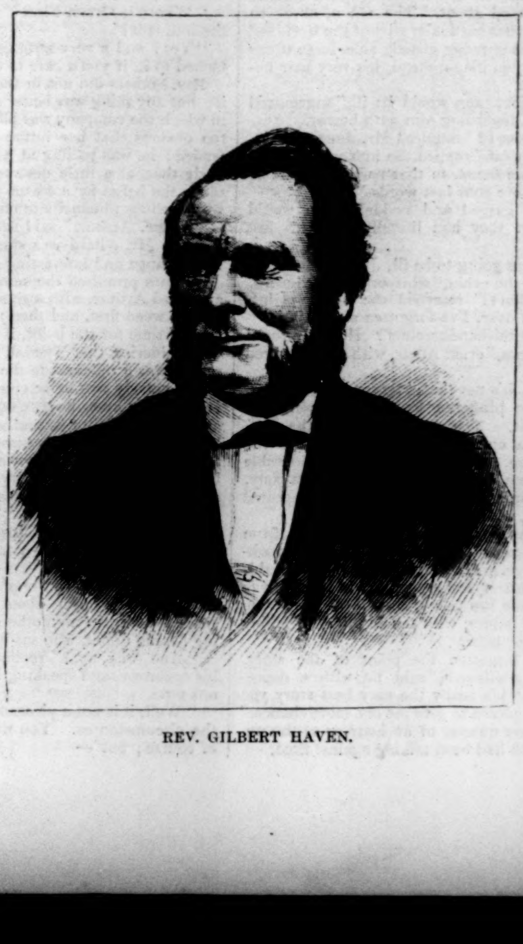
REV. W. L. HARRIS, D.D., LL.D.

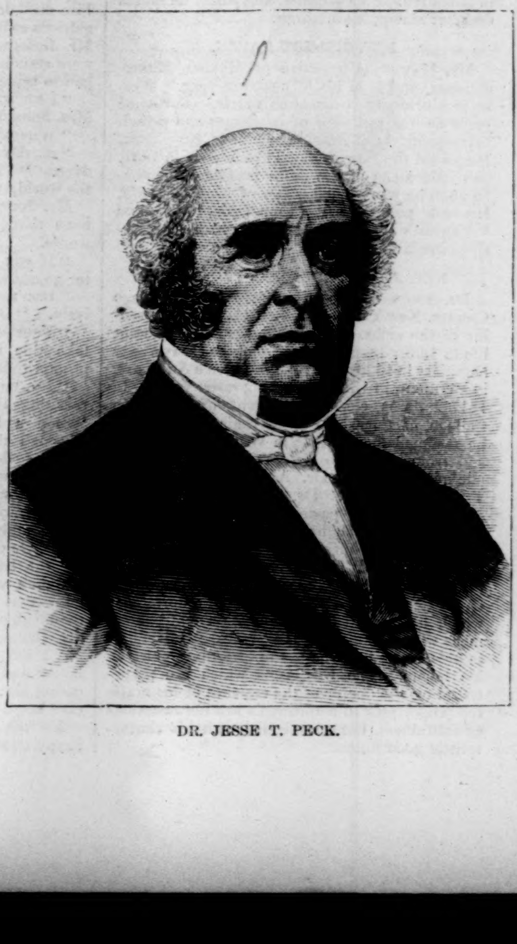
Dr. Harris was born in Ohio November 4, 1817. He received his education at Norwalk Seminary, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in early youth. In his nineteenth year he entered the Ohio Conference, and spent ten years in effective pastoral work. In 1846 he was elected principal of the Baldwin Institute, and later Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science in the Ohio Wesleyan University. His first election to the General Conference was in 1856, and he has been a member and the chief secretary of each succeeding one to the present. The


DR. J. W. WILEY.


DR. S. M. MERRILL.


DR. E. G. ANDREWS.


REV. GILBERT HAVEN.


DR. JESSE T. PECK.

Philadelphia General Conference chose him to the associate secretaryship of the Missionary Society of the Church.

REV. RANDOLPH S. FOSTER, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Foster was born in Clermont County, Ohio, in 1820, and joined the Ohio Conference in 1837. After thirteen years of ministerial labor in the West he removed to New York. He has been pastor of many of the leading Methodist churches in New York and vicinity. Elected professor at Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, in 1868, at the death of Dr. M'Clintock he was transferred to the presidency, which position he still holds. He is author of several valuable works, among which are "Christian Purity," "Calvinism," "Ministry," and "Lectures on Darwinism." He accompanied Bishop Janes to the Wesleyan Conference in Great Britain in 1871.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAM WILEY, M.D., D.D.

Dr. Wiley was born in Lewistown, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, March 29, 1825. He received an academical training, and graduated in medicine in the University of New York in 1846. He joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1849, and the following year went to China as a missionary. He returned to the United States, through failing health, in 1854, and entered the New Jersey Conference, and subsequently the Newark, of which he is now a member. In 1858 he took charge of the Pennington Collegiate Institute, remaining five years. At the General Conference of 1864 he was elected editor of the *Ladies' Repository* at Cincinnati. His facile pen has thrown off several valuable volumes, to wit, "Fallen Missionaries of Fuh-Chau," "Religion of the Family," etc. He received his degrees of A.M. and D.D. at Dickinson and Wesleyan universities respectively. The Episcopal office of the Methodist Church is evidently no sinecure; and although Dr. W. is not possessed of as vigorous a constitution as many, he is competent to share with his colleagues the heaviest of its burdens. His career as an editor is marked with brilliancy and success. The Church rests in the belief that the mantle of his predecessor, Bishop Clark, is upon him.

REV. STEPHEN MASON MERRILL, D.D.

Dr. Merrill was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, September 16, 1825. Western life fifty years ago did not present many facilities for a classical education. But an active brain and an irrepressible will-spirit can never be trammeled by outward circumstances. With the exception of an academy training, Dr. Merrill is self-educated. His itinerant life commenced in the Ohio Conference in 1846. Attention was called to his eminent abilities by a discussion on Universalism. He continued in the regular pastorate and as presiding elder in Ohio and Kentucky until May, 1868. His speech on lay delegation at the Chicago General Conference in 1868, it is said, elected him to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati. He received the degree of A.M. from the Indiana Asbury University, and D.D. from the Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware, Ohio. Dr. M. is retiring in his disposition, eminently capable as a preacher, and thoroughly Wesleyan in his sentiments.

REV. EDWARD GAYER ANDREWS, D.D.

Dr. Andrews is a native of New Hartford, New York. He was born August 7, 1825. He received his elementary education at Cazenovia Seminary, and was advanced to the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, where he graduated on his twenty-second birthday. He immediately connected himself with the Oneida Conference. In 1854 he held the position of professor at Cazenovia; in 1856 the principalship, continuing there until 1864. From thence he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and has been stationed successively at Sands Street, St. John's, and Seventh Avenue, in Brooklyn. As a preacher and pastor he stands eminent among his brethren.

REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

Mr. Haven is a native of Malden, Massachusetts, and is in his fifty-second year. Wesleyan University is his alma mater. For some years he was professor of languages and principal respectively of Amenia Seminary, New York. He joined the New England Conference in 1851, and held some of the more prominent pulpits. In 1866 he was elected editor of *Zion's Herald*. He has published "National Sermons" and "Pilgrim's Wallet," which have had an extensive circulation.

REV. JESSE TRUESDELL PECK, D.D.

Dr. Peck was born in Middlefield, Otsego County, New York, April 4, 1811, and is the senior of the eight. He commenced his itinerant life in 1832; became principal of the Gouverneur Seminary in 1836; of Troy Conference Academy, in Vermont, in 1840, remaining seven years. In 1847 he was elected president of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which chair he resigned for a pulpit in Washington, D. C., and from thence to New York, and filled the unexpired term of Dr. Abel Stevens in the Tract Department. Dr. Peck spent eight subsequent years as pastor on the Pacific coast, where he is much beloved. His pen has not been idle, being author of "The Central Idea of Christianity," "The True Woman," "What Must I Do to be Saved?" and "History of the Great Republic." His initiation of a movement which has led to the organization and endowment with $500,000 of the Syracuse University, in this State, is perhaps the crowning effort of his labors. The witticisms which are perpetrated on the doctor at the expense of his massive proportions in avoirdupois are not occasions of fretfulness, but are relished with his characteristic good humor.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

AGAINST TIME.

"Permit me," said Mr. Jones, "to sing a song." This was met by a scornful refusal. "Allow me, then, to propose a sentiment." This desire was also cruelly denied to him. "Then," said Mr. Jones, resolutely, "I will tell you a story." And amidst shrieks of laughter this little boon was granted to him.

"Only take care, for goodness' sake, Jack, what he does tell," whispered Arthur.

"All right," said Jack; and he kept his large right hand just behind Mr. Paul Jones's neck, so that he might compress his windpipe on the instant, should his selection of subjects for narration be unfit for lady's ear.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves, Helen," said Arthur, in lover's tones, and while the little man arranged his ideas, "that it will be about his cousin the Attorney-General of Sierra Leone—a connection of which he is unreasonably proud."

"I am not so fond of betting as some people," was Helen's cold reply.

Tyndall bit his lip; and Allardyce, whose eye saw there was something amiss between them, though his ear did not catch her words, laughed grimly in his sleeve.

"It's a most capital story that I'm going to tell you," commenced Mr. Paul Jones, confidently, "and one of the best you ever heard. It happened to my cousin Herbert, who was Attorney-General for Sierra Leone in 1844. Sierra Leone is in Africa. My cousin went out there, with the highest recommendations, as a very young man. I suppose nobody had ever been out with higher recommendations. Sir Charles Goadby was Governor, and took him by the hand. He had immense talents as a pleader. My uncle George used to predict of him—and my uncle was an uncommonly shrewd fellow, living in the neighborhood of Kingston-on-Thames—"

"We can't stand your uncle George," observed Allardyce, tartly; "cut him out of the story."

Every body gave a little sigh of relief, and felt grateful to Allardyce: a sort of deadly calm had taken possession of Mr. Jones's audience, which he attributed to inthralling interest; and he was irritated, therefore, at the interruption, not only on his own account, but upon theirs.

"You must let me tell the story my own way, or not at all," said he, peevishly.

"Not at all, then, by all means," observed Allardyce, coolly; but the ladies (always pitiful, and often mistaken in their pity) murmured, "Oh, pray go on, Mr. Jones," and he went on.

"When, in consequence of his excellent introductions, and the help of Governor Sir Charles Goadby, my cousin had been made her Majesty's Attorney-General for Sierra Leone, he decided upon giving a little dinner."

"*Ridiculus mus*," muttered Allardyce.

"I see nothing ridiculous in my cousin's giving a dinner-party," remonstrated Jones.

"A 'party!' no, my dear fellow; but you said 'a little dinner.' Considering his introductions, and all the rest of it, it ought to have been a banquet."

"It *was* a banquet, Sir," urged Jones, asserting himself. "All the beauty and fashion of—all the beauty and fashion of" ("Ally, Ally!" whispered the narrator, earnestly, "I've forgotten the name of the cursed place; it was your fault for interrupting me; do tell me")—"all the beauty and fashion of Sierra Leone were there. The room was decorated with all the luxurious vegetation that belongs to that tropical region. Fire-flies danced about. The moon, never so glorious as in that particular part of the world—" Mr. Jones was growing ghastly pale, large drops were standing on his forehead, his very hair began to bristle.

"I knew that man would be ill," murmured Mrs. Somers, regarding him with horror.

"Where was I?" inquired Mr. Jones, wildly.

"At the moon," replied the inexorable Allardyce. "'The moon, in that particular part of the world,' were your last words."

Mr. Jones gasped and nodded; you would have thought they had literally been his last words.

"If you are going to be ill, Jones, you'd better go out of the cabin," whispered Allardyce.

"Don't, don't!" returned the other, plaintively. "Oh dear, I've forgotten something."

"Your pocket-handkerchief? Here, by Jove! take mine, man," cried Adair, with good-natured promptitude.

"No, no; it's not that," returned Mr. Jones, rejecting the proffered loan with irascibility. "Stop a bit. The moon was at the full. Through the open windows could be seen the heaving deep. The natives, in considerable numbers, were assembled beneath the balcony, beating tom-toms—beating tom-toms," repeated the narrator, with gentle pathos.

A simultaneous roar of laughter burst from the whole company, shaking the cabin and rocking the barge. Mr. Paul Jones regarded this outbreak with a feeble smile; it is better to know that one has failed, than to be always on the brink of failure, with the certainty of falling over sooner or later.

"I have forgotten the point of the story, ladies and gentlemen," said he, with a deprecating air; "it's really the very best story you ever heard; please to give me one more chance."

For the last quarter of an hour or so the unhappy wretch had been talking against time.

CHAPTER V.

THE BARGEES.

Mr. Jones's pathetic appeal was not acceded to, though a single effort was made in one quarter to give him "one more chance."

"I'll bet any man an even fiver," said Arthur, "that Jones don't recollect his 'point' within ten minutes."

The next moment he regretted his indiscretion; Helen, like the rest, had been convulsed with mirth at Mr. Jones's discomfiture, but her lover's speech sobered her at once. Arthur Tyndall's love of gambling had been the one objection which her mother had entertained against him as a son-in-law; she had spoken of it to her daughter very seriously, and Helen had repeated her words to Arthur. He had promised her to reform in this respect; and yet, within one half hour or so, and in her mother's presence, he had made, or attempted to make, two wagers; and one of them, as it seemed to her, of a very considerable amount: he had also lost it, which, in a woman's eyes, greatly heightens the immorality of misdemeanors of that description. It was, to say the least of it, very thoughtless conduct on her Arthur's part; if he were restrained by no other motive, he might have refrained from such conduct for her sake.

"Mamma and I are not accustomed," said she, "to hear gentlemen betting fivers; it makes me nervous."

"Nervous! It puts me all of a twitter," ejaculated Mrs. Somers. "I really wish you wouldn't, Harthur."

The aspirate was very marked.

Tyndall's sun-tanned face turned a whole shade darker. It was an indiscreet speech for Helen to make, especially aloud. It seemed to him that the woman to whose money he was about to be indebted for restoration to his old position in society was already presuming upon that circumstance: if she lectured him *now* (before his friends, too!), what would she not do when she became his lawful wife! He would not have cared so much about what her mother had said, if she had not put in that *H*. He had always thought to himself, "She is a good-natured old lady, after all." But "What a vulgar old woman this is!" was the idea, plain and bare, that now occurred to him. His nature was passionate, his feelings unaccustomed to the control even of himself, much more to the interference of others. He rose from the table and walked out of the cabin. A dead silence fell upon all.

"You must not be angry with him, Miss Somers," said Allardyce, in a voice sympathizing, if not absolutely tender. "He meant no harm: it is so difficult to get out of what has become an ingrained-habit."

Adair, who overheard this speech, as, indeed, did every body but Arthur, regarded Allardyce with fiery scorn; and perhaps Helen herself resented it in her heart. If it had been Mr. Paul Jones who had spoken it, she would have told him to mind his own business; but the incense of the herb valerian was grateful to her nostrils. She could not snap *that* up, or tread it underfoot like a common weed. She kept silence, looking angrily out at Arthur standing in the bows with his back to them all; but her mother answered for her:

"Yes indeed, dear Mr. Allardyce, Arthur is much too fond of betting; that is the only fault he has. I do wish—as a friend whose advice I am sure he would value highly—you would persuade him to give it up."

If Mrs. Somers's vision could have penetrated through a ten-inch mahogany table, she would have here perceived Mr. Paul Jones's finger and thumb meet facetiously in a fleshy part of the Hon. Wynn Allardyce's leg. But as it was, she only saw the latter gentleman shrug his shoulders and shake his head.

"I'm afraid he will find it as difficult to get rid of his taste for laying fivers, my dear madam, as Mr. Jervoise, of Green Place yonder, found it to get rid of his wife."

"Where is Green Place? Oh, that house on the hill, is it?"

"Yes; and a very strange story there is attached to it, if you'd care to hear it."

Mrs. Somers did not in the least care to hear it; but any thing was better than the icy silence in which the company was plunged. It was only too obvious that her future son-in-law was offended: he was pulling at a great cigar so savagely that, at a little distance, you might have taken the barge for a steam-yacht, and she was very anxious to conciliate him.

"Come, Arthur," said she, cheerfully, "and listen to Mr. Allardyce's story. He says it is a very strange and interesting one."

"Jones promised the same for his, madam," answered Arthur, with a short laugh. "I'll finish my weed first, and then join you, so as to be just in time for the point, if there is one."

Considering that Tyndall was their host, this refusal was a rudeness to the whole company, of which nobody was more conscious than himself. He not only knew he was doing wrong, but had already repented of it, and was cursing his own hot-headedness in several tropical languages. If Helen had even looked toward him forgivingly! but her eyes, directly he turned round, had riveted themselves on the table. And "if he *had* sold himself," thought he, "he had not sold himself as a slave; no, by Jove! he hadn't;" and so he stood unmoved—a marble statue with a yearning heart!

"I don't think you *ought* to tell that story, Allardyce—I mean about Jervoise," remonstrated Adair, in a smothered tone, and speaking behind Jones, who sat between them.

"And why not?" replied Allardyce, raising his eyebrows, and speaking in a very contemptuous tone.

"Well, it is not a pleasant story to tell, under the circumstances. You will do as you please, of course; but"—

"Thanks," interrupted the other, insolently—"thanks, I am sure. Having obtained your gracious permission, I *will* tell it;" and he began accordingly: "Jervoise, of Green Place yonder, was a very good fellow, as I remember him, years ago. He had a little weakness for play, staked high—sometimes higher than he could afford—but mightn't have hurt himself much, had he only stuck to cards."

"Ah! that's where it is: you get led on," sighed Mrs. Somers, as though quoting from the depth of some terrific gambling experience of her own.

"Just so, madam," continued Allardyce: "he took to the turf and the bones."

"You don't mean to say he murdered any body?" gasped the old lady, a ghastly vision of clandestine burial, no doubt, suggesting itself to her mind.

"No, no; I mean the race-course and the dice-box; and these two treated him so ill that they would have cost him his whole estate but for a fortunate marriage."

Allardyce paused here, perhaps by accident, but, it almost seemed, significantly. Mrs. Somers was now as silent as the rest, and Helen's gaze fixed itself on the table more intently than before.

"His bride was a charming girl—one of the Ashleys of Devonshire—but I am afraid Jervoise did not much care for her; still, she was fond of him, and would have put up with a good deal—with any thing there was to put up with, perhaps, short of a rival. Unhappily there *was* a rival."

"How shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Somers; and yet her voice had a tone of relief in it strangely inconsistent with the words. There was no longer any parallel between this Jervoise case and that of Arthur.

"Yes, and what was worse, it was so soon after their wedding. Mrs. Jervoise had cause for jealousy, no doubt, as, indeed, was proved; but the misfortune was that this unpleasant affair occurred while the Jervoises were in Scotland; and in a moment of very natural indignation she sued for a divorce in the Scotch courts, and obtained it. Our own Sir Creswell Creswell would not have granted it so easily, which perhaps would have been better for all parties. At all events, Mrs. Jervoise soon repented of her precipitancy, and, it is said, made overtures of reconciliation to her late husband."

"She must have been a very poor-spirited woman," observed Helen.

Allardyce gave his favorite shrug of the shoulders. "I don't know, I'm sure. Ladies always seem to me to be much more tender and forgiving than their lords. Jervoise was not forgiving, at any rate, though he was tender to another woman; for within six months—during which he had some money left him unexpectedly—he had married somebody else."

"What an abandoned wretch! quite a Blue-beard!" exclaimed Mrs. Somers.

"Doubtless; though, I dare say, the 'somebody else' did not think so. She was a parson's daughter, and lived not a dozen miles from where we are sitting, and a very pretty girl. Of course Mrs. Jervoise Number One was frantic; and she took her revenge. When Jervoise returned from his marriage-tour—the second honey-moon the monster had had that year, by-the-bye—he gave, like Jones's cousin, 'a little dinner,' to celebrate his return. The guests were all out upon the lawn enjoying the summer evening, and perhaps Jones's moon, when who should come sailing in among them, with a London lawyer in tow, but the late Mrs. Jervoise! 'This is my husband!' cried she; 'and that young person has no sort of business here.' And she was right too, or, at all events, partly right. Though the divorce was good in Scotland, it was not so here, since the grounds for separation were not held sufficient by the English law. The matter was never disputed in the Arches Court, because the Jervoises removed to Scotland, where they were man and wife; but he was always called the Man with two Wives. Any body about here will tell you the same story: it's as well known as the *Swan with two Necks* there, where our men are gone to lunch."

"And do you mean to say," inquired Mrs. Somers, "that this wretch was never punished?"

"Yes, indeed; did I not tell you that he was compelled to live in Scotland? Whenever he crosses the Border, wife Number One swoops down upon him, and makes his life a burden. That's why Green Place yonder is always let. Now, if I had been the first Mrs. Jervoise—"

"The barge, Tyndall—the barge!" cried Jack Adair, at the top of his voice.

All rose to their feet, and not a moment too soon. A heavily laden coal barge with three horses, and several men walking beside them, had just turned the corner of the river, and was bearing down upon them very fast. One could see the huge rope quiver in the blue air, and hear it brush the weeds, or tear the turf where the bank was high. The mast of the gay *Lotus*, its gilded cabin, and its painted flag-staff, were all menaced with instant ruin. Tyndall, deep in his own thoughts, and still savagely smoking his cigar, had his back to this terrible vessel, whose approach he had, therefore, not perceived. But he was on his feet in an instant with a "Stop, you fellows! Stop those horses, or you'll send us all to the bottom!"

"They won't stop," answered Adair, grimly; "I know them so well. There is only one way to take, and that's to lick them." He rushed from the cabin, and had already placed one foot on the shore, while Tyndall sprang to his side, when a sweet clear voice sang out: "Pray, don't, gentlemen. Arthur, for my sake, I implore you."

Adair looked to his friend, as if for guidance. The position was, indeed, critical enough. The horses were already treading on the tow-path close above them; the men, three in number, and very powerful specimens of their class, were tramping by, with a malicious sneer upon their dirt-grimed faces.

"You'll have your figure-head spoiled if you don't get under cover, young 'oman," said one, a milder specimen of the river desperado than the rest. His words were addressed to Helen, who was standing by Tyndall's side with her hand laid lightly on his arm. In her hasty exit from the cabin her hair had escaped from its bands, and was streaming in the wind like a cloud of gold. She might have sat (or stood) for her lover's guardian angel.

"For *my* sake don't fight those men. It will kill my mother."

Poor Mrs. Somers, speechless from sheer terror, was seconding her prayer from the cabin with outstretched hands; Mr. Paul Jones had opened the little door that communicated with the steerage, and curled himself *there*, where he justly calculated no rope could touch him; and the Honorable Wynn Allardyce had thrust his head out of one of the side windows, in hopes to see a fight.

Arthur looked doubtfully from the bargees to Helen, from Helen to the bargees. He was exceedingly angry with the latter, and longed to chastise them for their brutality; his dissatisfaction with himself increased his fury against them; and, besides, unless some very strong measure should at once be taken, their pleasure-boat would be knocked to pieces, not to mention the possible danger to life and limb. On the other hand, there was Helen's imploring voice—no longer rebukeful, but sweet and suppliant. What *was* to be done? Suddenly an alternative presented itself: he sprang to the luncheon-table and seized a carving-knife.

"There will be bloodshed!" screamed Mrs. Somers; "gore!—oh, dreadful!"

The next minute he was holding by the mast with one hand, while the other grasped what seemed to be a flaming sword. A roar of voices from the approaching vessel perforce drew the attention of the three bargees on shore, who were plodding on remorselessly. The leader instantly stopped his horse.

"I say, what are you arter, young fellow?"

"I am about to cut your rope, my man," answered Tyndall, coolly—"that is, if it comes near enough. Pray go on, if it so pleases you."

He really looked a handsome fellow, standing up in the sunlight, with his calm bronzed face set so resolutely to keep his word, and his gaze fixed on the now slackening rope. Full of admiration and love, Helen's eyes devoured him. In the height of his passionate fury her voice had calmed him, and he had obeyed it; and now had not his quick wits devised a plan which bade fair to release them from their perils? She did not know it was a common plan, that is often found to be efficacious with bargees, who will never stop for love, and sometimes not even for money. She thought him as wise as he was brave and handsome. For the moment the *Lotus* was a floating shrine, and Arthur Tyndall the object not only of her love, but of her adoration.

Up crept the grimy barge—no longer terrible, its slackened rope passing from hand to hand over mast and flag-staff—and slid along the gilded galley so closely that the inmates of each could have shaken hands. This was far from their intention, however. Nothing but the resolute attitude of Adair and Tyndall restrained the horny-handed sons of Toil from expressing their opinion of the sons (and daughters) of Pleasure in the strongest language: their brethren in charge of the horses were already doing so, but fortunately the wind was contrary, and the ladies' ears were spared. Even as it was, though the *Bella* of London passed the *Lotus* without speaking her, the temptation which the gay attire of Mr. Paul Jones, still crouching in the stern, offered to the steersman of the former craft proved too great for his discretion, and he emptied a small sack of coal-dust exactly over him. As the victim had done nothing for the common weal during the late commotion, this outrage was not made a *casus belli;* and in the stern Mr. Paul Jones remained for hours, washing himself and vainly striving to renovate his apparel. His absence—or rather separation by panel—from the rest of the company did not affect its cheerfulness, which recent events had completely restored. Even Mrs. Somers, paralyzed as she had been by terror, rallied at the sight of the reconciliation between "her two young people;" and with the assistance of a glass of green Curaçoa, recommended by Mr. Allardyce as a specific for nervous disorders, became herself. Once only did she break down again, when, having the bargees and their threats of vengeance, which had vaguely reached her, still upon her mind, she suddenly exclaimed, "Great Heavens! there's a man in a black mask leveling a gun at us!"

At these words Mr. Paul Jones came through his panel with the agility of a harlequin at Christmas; and even Mr. Allardyce turned his head to look out at window for the assassin. But after all it was only a photographic artist, who (attracted by their picturesque appearance) had set up his machine upon the bank, and was focusing the *Lotus*. Then the crew came back from the *Swan with two Necks* in a fine state of exhilaration, and off started the faithful steed, this time with the rope attached to him; and away they went, with a surge at the bow and a ripple at the stern, on their river-voyage again.

CHAPTER VI.

OTHELLO CHARMS DESDEMONA WITH THE TALE OF HIS ADVENTURES.

IF the beauties of the river had been approved of before lunch, we may be sure they were now doubly appreciated. Mrs. Somers, it is true, "overcome" by the warmth of the weather, had dropped asleep, but it was only to dream of them. She thought she was in a fairy shallop with the Rev. Mr. Bung, whose weight, combined with her own, sent the prow of the boat up (as it probably would have done in real life) heavenward; and now the good man pointed to the firmament, praising it in his smooth, patronizing way; and now he dipped his curved hand into the stream, and offered it to her like a cup; and she accepted it gladly, for the waters of that river were green Curaçoa. Helen was dreaming too, and likewise a dream of bliss. Her ears drank in the music of her lover's voice, and her hand clasped his beneath the table; and yet she had eyes for the fair sights which met them upon every hand, and a pleasant "Yes, indeed," for Jack Adair, when, pipe in mouth, he would raise himself upon his elbow from the bench on which he lay reclined, and point out some object for her admiration. Mr. Allardyce's mind was much exercised in making cigarettes; but when the demand was temporarily supplied—that is, when he was smoking them—there is every reason to suppose, since he stared at the river a good deal, that he also was regarding it with satisfaction.

"How very, very beautiful is nature!" sighed Helen: it was not at all characteristic of her to be sentimental; but the ejaculation, though conventional enough, was really genuine, and won from her by what she beheld.

"Very much so," said Jack, feeling called upon to say something himself, since nobody else spoke, and, of course, not aware that Arthur had squeezed her hand, which was all she wanted in the way of acquiescence.

"So calm, so gentle, so sympathizing with humanity," continued Helen, answering the squeeze with a soft pressure.

"Well, I don't know about *that*," laughed Jack, who was truth (not to say matter-of-fact) itself. "I think Arthur could tell you another story."

"Eh, what!" cried Mrs. Somers, aroused by Jack's stentorian tones. "Is Arthur going to tell us another story? I'm all attention; I have not been asleep. I only wish I *could* sometimes get a wink or two of sleep in the middle of the day. How nice every thing looks! I've got quite to like the wabble, wabble, wab—" In her ample bosom sunk her double chin; above it her head nodded once or twice, like a hammer beating in a nail, and she once more rejoined the Rev. Bung.

"Why should Arthur think that nature is unsympathizing?" inquired Helen.

"Make him tell you with his own— I mean in his own words," replied Jack, who was the soul of propriety, and thought "lips," under the circumstances, would be indelicate.

"Tell me, Arthur," said Helen, softly. "Or are you asleep?" added she, a little louder, and not without a touch of reproach.

Arthur Tyndall was not asleep, yet he had not heard her. He was in what is called—I know not why—a "brown-study." Men that have traveled much are subject to them; something that occurs around them—a sight, a sound, a scent even—will suddenly carry away their minds to distant scenes, and abstract them wholly from the present. It was not a distant scene in this case; it was a home scene—one, too, that he was nearing every instant—but it was a by-gone one, by-gone forever, as he thought; and such have their attraction for us all.

"Asleep?" said he, rousing himself with effort. "No, indeed; or if I was," he added, in a low tone, "I was dreaming of you." *You liar!* whispered a little voice—that of Conscience, which, fortunately, is so still and small that it is a quite rare feat even to make its owner hear it, much less another.

Helen gave one of her purs of pleasure. The Hon. Wynn Allardyce heard it, or, at all events, understood by the expression of her features that she *was* purring, and scowled under cover of his cigarette smoke. He had no chance *now*, at all events for the present, of coming between these two fond hearts; the herb valerian (as I have, unfortunately, had occasion more than once to remark) is very powerful with females, but pales before the unfolded Rose of Love.

"You shall not be so lazy, Arthur," exclaimed Helen, a consciousness that "those horrible men" might imagine she was "spooning," suddenly endowing her with vitality. "Come, let us have your story."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR WATSON, the indefatigable planet hunter of the Ann Arbor Observatory, reports the discovery, on the 12th of May, 1872, of a new asteroid (No. 121) of the eleventh magnitude. The following observations are communicated by him to the *Weekly:*

Ann Arbor.	Mean Time.	Right Ascension.	Declination.
May 12....	$14^h\,13^m\,42^s$	$16^h\,20^m\,37.58^s$	$-18°\,53'\,9.4''$
" 13....	$11^h\,13^m\,22^s$	$16^h\,19^m\,59.35^s$	$-18°\,52'\,46.2''$

Daily motion in right ascension, -43^s; in declination, $+26''$.

In a letter from General OTTO STRUVE, director of the Pulkowa Observatory, and Astronomer Royal of Russia, to Professor NEWCOMB, of the Washington Observatory, detailing the Russian preparations for observing the forth-coming transit of Venus, he remarks that the inquiries into the meteorological conditions of the stations selected have given, on the whole, very satisfactory results; particularly for the station on the coast of the Pacific Ocean and in Eastern Siberia (eighty-five per cent. of clear sky for December). In two only of the stations chosen, Tashkend and Astrabad, these conditions are not sufficiently satisfactory. For this reason the observers designed for Tashkend will probably go to a place about one hundred miles west of that town; and instead of Astrabad it is proposed to take either the island of Aschuradeh, in the Caspian Sea, or if possible, to cross the Elburz Mountains, and establish observers at Schahrech, in Persia (with nearly absolute certainty of clear sky).

The total number of Russian stations will be twenty-four, each of them provided with *only one* instrument for the transit observation. These instruments are, three four-inch heliometers, three photo-heliographs, four six-inch equatorials, and four four-inch equatorials, provided with filar micrometers and spectroscopic apparatus, and ten four-inch telescopes, designed merely for contact observations. Each station will also be furnished with clocks, chronometers, and the instruments necessary for exact determination of time. The principal instruments have already been ordered. Most of them will be ready for use in the course of the present or beginning of next year. For these instruments the observers are also in a great part already selected. They will all visit Pulkowa for a certain time in 1873 to exercise themselves in the observations.

The geographical positions of the stations will not be determined by the transit observers, but all stations on which the transit has been successfully observed will be carefully determined afterward by special expeditions of the general staff or the navy. For this purpose a principal line of telegraphic longitudes will probably be laid next year through all Siberia to Nikolaievsk, with which line the other stations of that part of Russia can be easily joined either by telegraphic or chronometric operations.

With regard to photographic observations, Professor STRUVE states that two observers, one at Vilna, and Dr. VOGEL at Bothkamp, in Holstein, have been perfectly successful in taking instantaneous observations with dry plates.

It is well known that human bones have been seldom met with in superficial deposits of the reindeer period, although the bones of animals used as food by man occur in great abundance. Quite recently, however, in excavating a celebrated cave deposit in Laugerie-Basse (Dordogne), numerous objects of great interest were obtained; among them remarkable sculptures, representing animals, etc., together with implements and utensils. The work was more or less interrupted by the occurrence, all through the earth floor of the caves, of enormous blocks of the rock, which appeared to have fallen from the roof. In removing one of these, for the purpose of the better examining the subjacent earth, a skeleton was found, evidently that of a person who had been struck down by the falling block and pinned there beyond the power of his fellows to rescue him.

A careful study was made of the surroundings of this skeleton, and about twenty shells of different species were found immediately about it. These were distributed in pairs along the body, two pairs in front, one near each humerus, four in the region of the knees, and two upon each foot. These were all pierced, and seemed to have been affixed as ornaments to the clothing, which had entirely rotted away.

The bones occurred about twelve feet below the surface of the earth of the reindeer period, beneath a layer of rocks which during the whole pre-quaternary period must have resisted every attempt to remove them; so that there can be no doubt as to the great antiquity of the bones.

A detailed description of the skeleton is promised by the gentlemen who found it, Messrs. MASSENAT, LALANDE, and CARTAILHAC. It is reported that this presents some extraordinary peculiarities, shortly to be discussed.

We have already referred to the death, on the 15th of March, at Geneva, of Professor F. J. PICTÉT, one of the most eminent savants of Switzerland. The decease of this gentleman leaves a great gap in the Academy, and the loss is one that will be especially felt in Switzerland, as he was largely occupied in benevolent enterprises looking toward the literary and scientific elevation of his people. Professor PICTÉT was the owner of large collections in natural history, always freely at the service of men of science, and his private means were sufficient to allow him to exercise his taste in this respect. He published numerous works illustrating his collections; among them an exhaustive treatise on paleontology.

Since our announcement of the discovery of new asteroids, advices from Europe show that No. 119, announced by Professor WATSON, of Ann Arbor, on the 3d of April, was detected by PAUL HENRI at Paris on the 10th of the same month. Professor PETERS was not so fortunate in the way of priority for his No. 120, as this was seen by BORELLI at Marseilles on the 10th of April, a day earlier.

Mr. CHARLES V. RILEY, State Entomologist of Missouri, vindicates his right to the office by the timely publication of an annual report for 1871 (the fourth of the series) upon the noxious, beneficial, and other insects of the State of Missouri. The report, which occupies 150 pages, is filled with valuable memoirs upon various species of insects, in which the peculiarities of the past season are indicated in the exceptional abundance or rarity of certain well-known forms, and in the appearance of species that had not been previously detected. An article on the grape-vine louse which had already appeared in the *Rural New Yorker* is reproduced, with additions, and constitutes a valuable contribution to the history of this destructive pest. His practical suggestions as to remedies will be well considered by horticulturists.

As might be expected, the Colorado potato beetle, which has already done so much mischief, receives prominent attention, and the new territory invaded by it during the year is recorded, and points are indicated as likely to fall within its march during the present season. A considerable portion of the report is occupied by a paper upon silk-worms, of which the different species are mentioned, and their special applicabilities under different circumstances.

Mention has already been made of the occurrence of the true shad in the Escambia River, of Florida and Alabama; and we learn that they are also met with in the Choctawhatchee River, a stream to the eastward of that mentioned. It is said they were first noticed in these waters about the year 1864, and that they have increased in size and quantity ever since that time. They were caught during the present season, from the 15th of March to the 1st of May, in considerable number. This fact is encouraging to those who are advocates of the propriety and feasibility of stocking the tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico with shad.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE last weeks of school-session in the city before the coming of the longed-for summer vacation are generally very exhausting to the pupils. The debilitating influences of warm weather are added to the natural weariness caused by some forty weeks of study, broken only by brief holidays. Many a boy and girl grows pale and languid in the attempt to perform the school duties demanded of them during the latter part of May and June. It is unfortunate for children that the custom prevails of placing public examinations and exhibitions at the close of the school year. Extra duties are thus imposed upon them; they are excited and anxious in view of the ordeal through which they must pass, while they really gain little or nothing by such a test of scholarship. Parents and teachers do not sufficiently regard the wearing effect of the preparations to which pupils are subjected toward the close of school-days. Nor do they remember quickly enough that young bodies must have a chance to grow, that tired brains are longing for fresh air and freedom from books. In some schools the summer vacation now commences earlier than it used to years ago—greatly to the joy of the children. In cases where this is not considered expedient the labors of the school-room should be materially lightened. While it is important that the youth of our country should be well educated, it is quite as important that they should possess health to use that education. The school-room generates many diseases.

Some months ago a celebrated German physiologist made important disclosures concerning the health of school-children in the various countries of Europe. In Neufchâtel, Switzerland, 296 pupils out of 731 suffered from headache. In Darmstadt, out of 3564 boys and girls, 974 were subject to headache. Bleeding from the nose was found to be a common and often a serious difficulty. Curvature of the spine, induced by improper postures, and pulmonary diseases, caused by imperfect ventilation and dust, were frequent. Of 10,000 scholars in the schools near Breslau, the capital of Silesia, seventeen per cent. are near-sighted.

Reforms and improvements are constantly being made in the school system of America; but it should never be forgotten by all interested in education that children should be allowed to take time to grow physically, or they will be good for nothing in life, however much book-learning they may have acquired.

Can small-pox virus be retained for seventy years in the walls and floors of a dwelling-house? If so, stringent measures must be necessary to insure protection against it. The following fact is worthy of consideration: "In the year 1799 several cases of small-pox occurred in the town of Hoosick Falls, and a dwelling near the village was used as a pest-house. Seventy years afterward the house (having been occupied all that time as a dwelling, with no case of small-pox or other unusual sickness) was repaired. One of the workmen employed on the repairs was taken down with a disease which proved to be malignant small-pox, to which he had been not otherwise exposed than by working on this old pest-house."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now opened free to the public on Saturdays. The present collection of paintings numbers over one hundred and fifty. Some of these have been temporarily loaned to the museum. Among these is one painting by Turner, "The Slaver," valued at 2000 guineas, and recently purchased by Mr. John Taylor Johnston. The magnificent statue, "The Dying Napoleon," by Vela, of Italy, has also been loaned by Mr. Johnston. The temporary building occupied by the Metropolitan Museum is a private residence on Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-third Street. The permanent structure will probably be commenced this coming summer on the site selected in Central Park, near Eighty-fifth Street.

In April last a great national fair was opened in the city of Kiote, Japan, and for fifty days foreigners were to have permission to visit the city freely and to exhibit their goods without restraint. This is another step toward the breaking up of that exclusiveness which has so long been characteristic of that country.

Notwithstanding the recent destruction of a part of the Boston Coliseum, it is now understood that the festival will open as originally intended on June 17, and continue until July 4. The building is so far advanced that the managers feel authorized to make this public announcement.

It appears that the law passed by the recent Legislature for the regulation of street parades contained three important features. These are stated as follows:

"Processions are not allowed to move along streets in which there are railroad tracks, and must halt to allow the passage of cars on tracks which they cross.

"All processions, except those of the National Guard and the Fire Department, are forbidden, unless notice has been given at least six hours beforehand to the police authorities, who are to designate the route and to furnish all the escort that may be required.

"Sunday parades are prohibited, excepting in funeral processions 'engaged in the actual burial of the dead,' and processions to and from a place of worship in connection with a religious service there celebrated. No music, fire-works, or discharge of guns are allowed, except in the case of military funerals, and even then music must not be played within one block of any place of worship, where worship is to be celebrated."

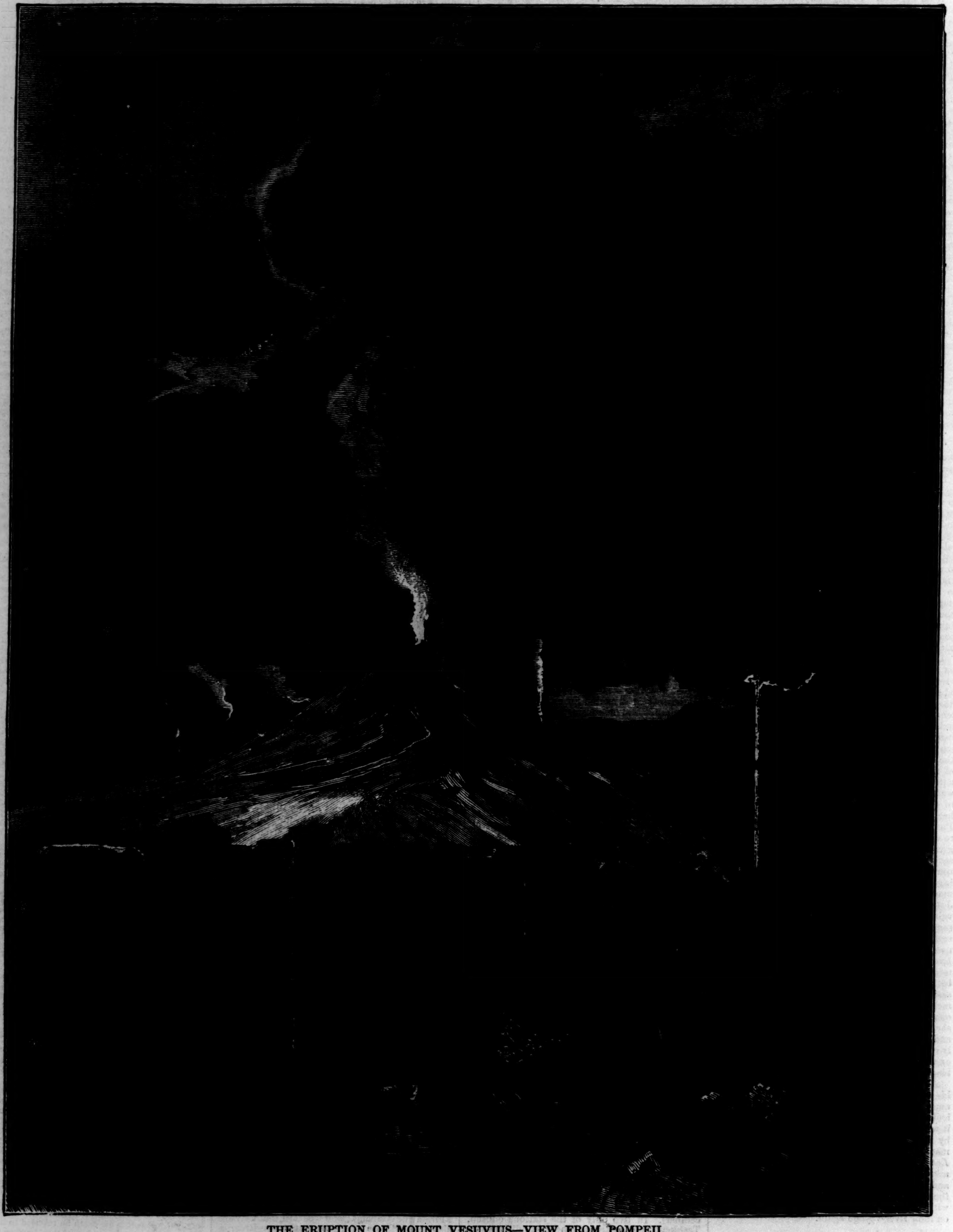
Within the last twenty years there has been a great increase in the number of deaths from heart disease in the same population. This increase is almost exclusively among men. This is believed to be the result, in a great degree, of the mental strain and hurried excitement of the times, to business competition, and the sleeplessness attendant on over-exhausting labor. Incessant labor can not be endured by any one continuously. Business men require some definite recreation; and they may well be alarmed when care and thought intrude into the hours of night, and prevent healthful sleep.

In a hospital of St. Louis there died a short time ago a soldier who had borne the name of Fisher. He was of Scottish birth, and was a man of culture. He had always been very reticent concerning his own history, but just before his death he revealed to his physician that he was a member of the Aberdeen family. Many circumstances lead to the inference that when very young he left home to see the world, but that, having become dissipated, his pride prevented his return. He served in the Union army, and was honorably discharged. He left a wife and child, and before his death had written to his friends in Scotland, requesting that the property which legally belonged to him should be given to them. Such is the romantic story of the cion of a noble Scottish family.

VESUVIUS.

THE artist from whose sketches these two illustrations are engraved thus describes his experience during the time of the grand eruption:

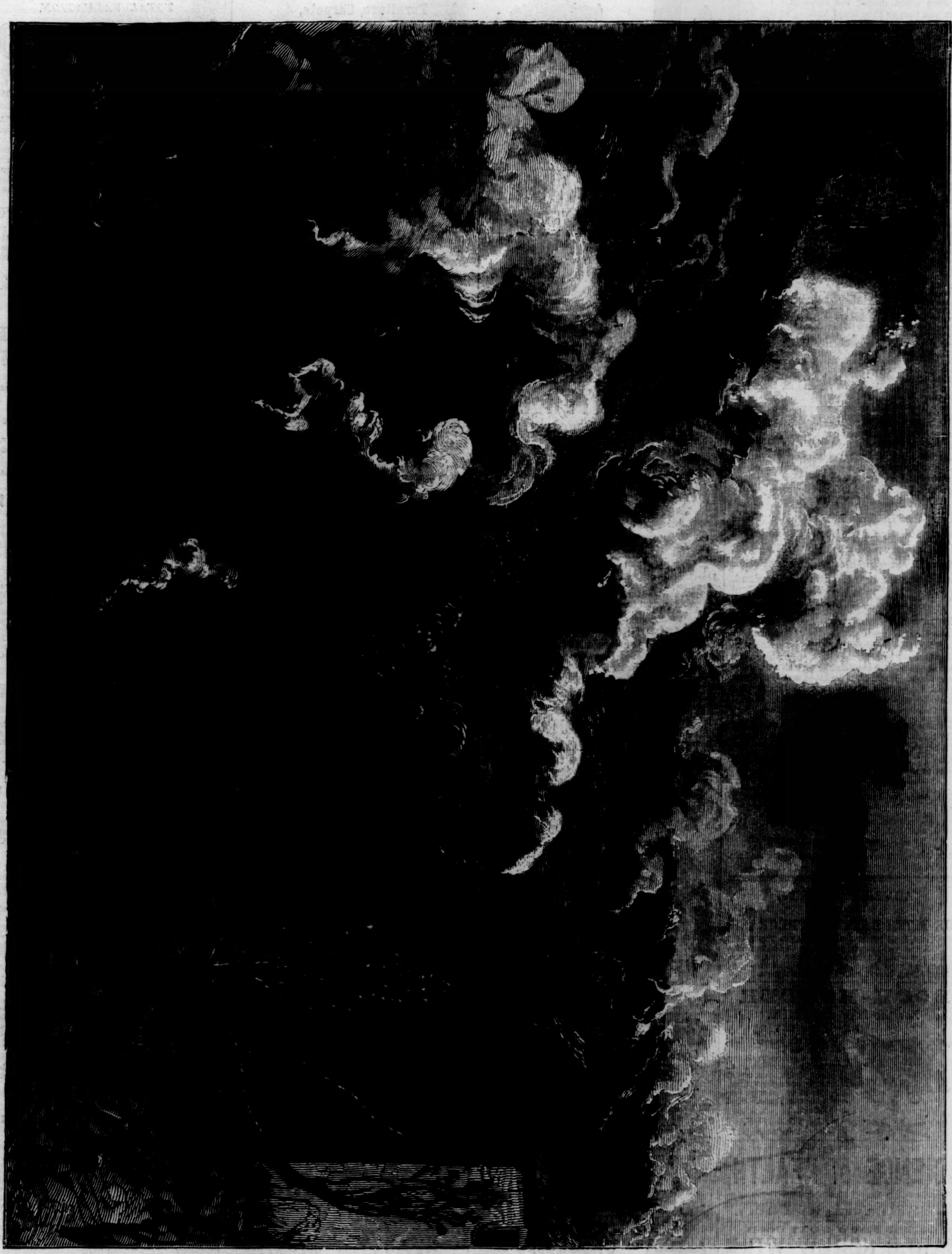
"It was night when I reached Naples, and I walked out on to the pier directly to look toward the mountain. But nothing was to be seen. All was hidden in black, impenetrable mist, from whose depths portentous rumblings came. In the morning, when I looked out, thinking to take my first view of the azure bay, every thing was of a cold stone gray. Distance, sky, sea, cattle, the garden below, all were colorless. I thought at first it was a new effect of twilight, and that when the sun rose objects would be colored as before. But no; the sun rose high, and then I found, from my window-sill, that every thing was covered thick with powdered ashes, and that the deposit was growing deeper. Remembering how Pompeii was buried, one feared lest Naples should be about to share the same fate. I walked out, and the cloud of ashes nearly blinded me. Those who were about held up umbrellas for protection; but the ashes fell upon them and the mist covered them so that all the city seemed wan, and its people ghost-like. The day wore, but still the wind blew toward Naples, and still the ashes fell. As we drove to see the lava streams men were besoming the shrubs in a piazza, and women brisking cabbages in a market garden. We met carts, laden with furniture, abandoning the threatened neighborhoods. When we were near the lava, soldiers stood double sentinels, as if we were approaching the foreposts of an enemy. They let us pass when they found what our errand was, and our coachman transferred us into the hands of certain guides who knew the country. We were nearer to the mountain now, and its thunders had grown most appalling. Our guides led us to the edge of a lava stream, not deep but high, full forty feet. It smoked, and down crannies we could see that it was still red-hot. From its base protruded fruit trees, and the supports of vines, which it had crushed. Those that yet stood near the stream had their fresh spring foliage charred and shriveled. It was a mass of utter ruin; but the lava itself disappointed me. I had expected to see it coiled and tortuous, as running molten matter would become, but, on the contrary, it was sharp and jagged, like a vast heap of monstrous cinders thrown, not running there. But they tell me, and I have seen for myself since, that this is the mere outside, that wears away the crumpled scales, as it were, of the coiled serpents underneath. They led us soon to a cottage that had escaped by a miracle. The lava had held on its terrible march within a yard of it, and yet had not crossed the



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—VIEW FROM POMPEII.

threshold. Trees were overwhelmed and forced against its walls, and yet it stood. They pointed us out an old man, who looked at us beseechingly, as its owner; the ruined vineyards were his too, and we knew not whether to congratulate or commiserate him. We came to a point where on the right nothing but a broad ocean of lava was seen, the stream of this eruption joining with that of 1869. Jets of smoke issued from the fresh lava in all directions. To the left we could see the remnants of the village of San Sebastiano. Here and there were islands in the lava sea, and trees still standing. Before us was Vesuvius wrapped in a cloud of smoke and ashes, cleft from time to time by ragged lightning streaks, followed by thunder-claps, rolling in chorus with the shocks of the explosions. So we left it. We stood on treacherous ground, and were not sorry, perhaps, to turn our horses' heads toward Pompeii.

"But look now at the smoke above Vesuvius! We have got to windward of it, and it is no longer black and formless, but clear and distinct against the sky, and lit up by the sun. Was ever column so gigantic, so brilliant, so exquisitely modeled? Volume followed volume from the belching crater, that as they rise exfoliate in snowy capitals one within the other. And how high should you think it is? We measured it by the mountain, and it tripled it, and, to judge roughly, considering the perspective, it must have been four times as high, or more than 16,000 feet.


THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—A LAVA TORRENT.

"In the night I was awakened by tremendous thunder-claps, and my eyes, on opening them, were dazzled by lightning that seemed a hundred times more intense than I had ever seen before. The whole bay was fired with white light. Between the flashes all was pitchy darkness.

"I am not yet in a position to laugh at these fears, and next morning at breakfast I found that others had felt them too. But returning light had reassured us, and we were ready for a fresh expedition. This time we were not to be turned aside from the Hermitage. We emerged soon from between the walls on to a road covered thicker and thicker with ashes as we advanced. It wound now over vineyards of Lacryma Christi grape, now over old lava currents whose surface was gnarled, knotted, twisted, coiled by all the throes and writhings of the huge molten mass descending. We were wet through long before we reached the Hermitage, for it poured with rain, and not only rain, but rain and cinders mixed; so the cinders stuck to us, and by the time we presented ourselves to Professor PALMIERI at the observatory, we seemed very sons of Vulcan. We were introduced to the professor, and congratulated him—plucky old gentleman—for having weathered this storm without flinching. The observatory, you know, crowns a ridge, which forms, as it were, the first step to the crater. The lava had run on both sides of it; and there it stood like a light-house in the midst of the waves. Mean-while the rain and ashes fell, the thunder rattled, the mountain boomed like a heavy sea upon a beach, and wonderful effects of cloud and light passed over the cone. Well, we said good-by, and again repaired to the Hermitage, where our host, not a gentle hermit of the dale, insisted on our eating and drinking, and by way of whetting our appetite, showed us the garments of four men killed during the eruption. His account was that as they stood looking at the lava a fissure had suddenly opened under their feet, and flames burst out and burned them. But there was not a singe on the cloth, and more probably they were suffocated. He told us that on the night of the storm the house had rocked like a cradle. You would have expected to find both him and his old father shaken into a palsy, but they did not seem affected by the peril of the spot they lived in. We mounted again, and our departure was saluted by such a salvo from the artillery of Vesuvius that my friend's horse, which seemed to be a circus horse, went down as if felled by a thunder-bolt."

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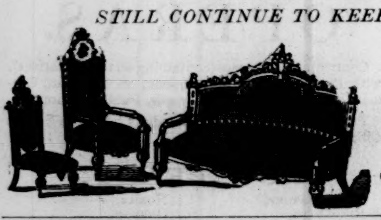

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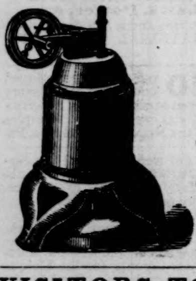

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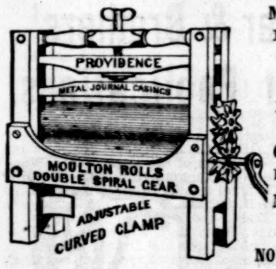

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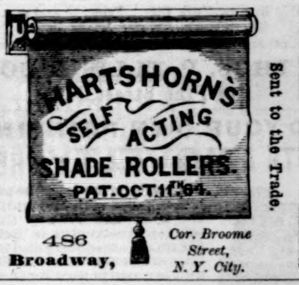
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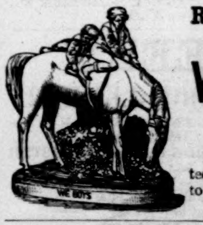

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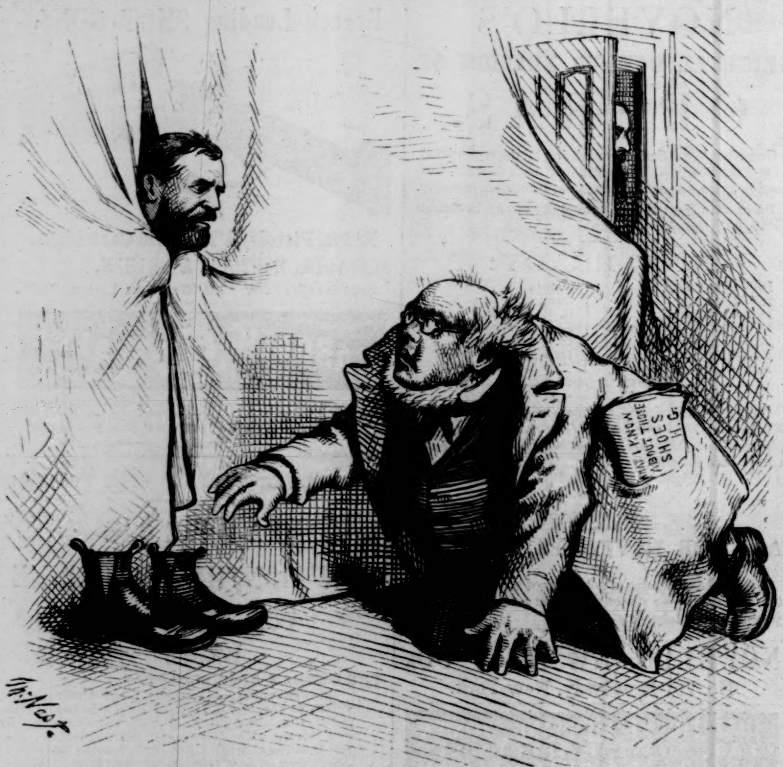
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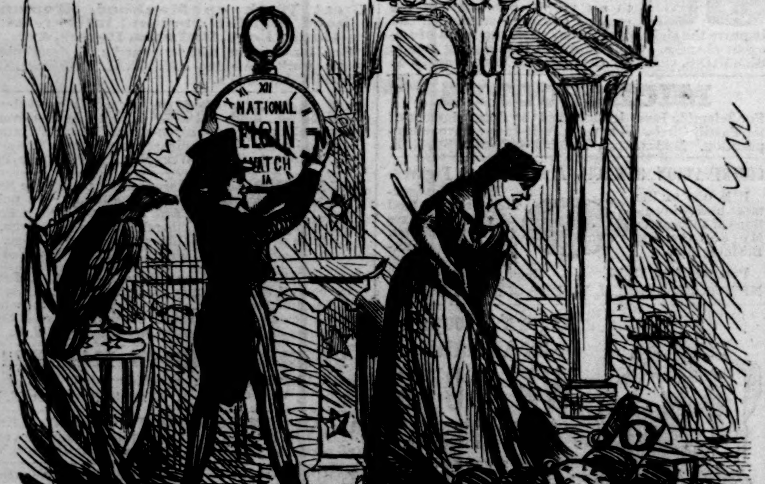

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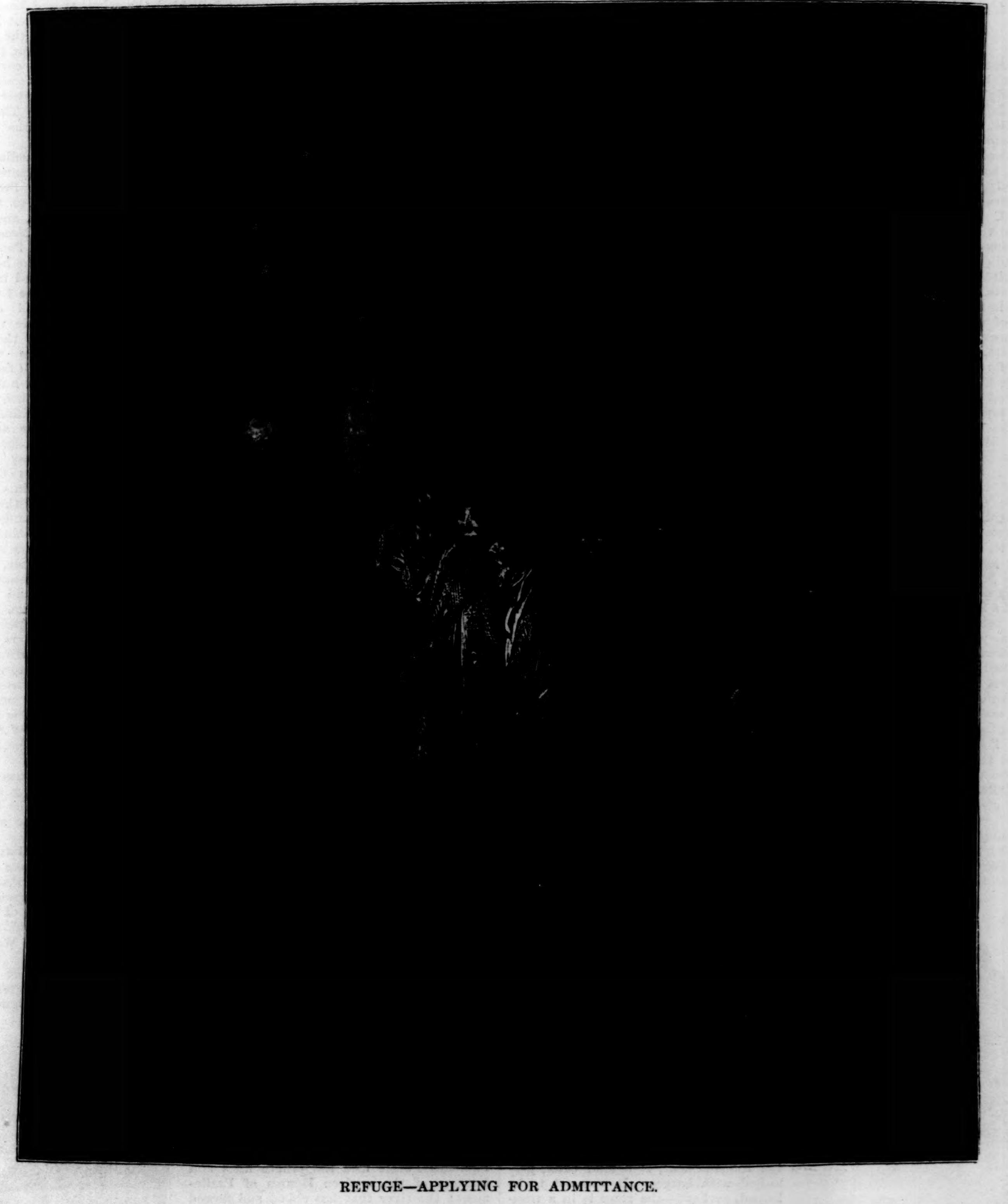
To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part III.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IV.——ABOVE BRIDGE TO WESTMINSTER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

REFUGE—APPLYING FOR ADMITTANCE.
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.
BETWEEN BRIDGES.
LEMONADE VENDOR.
ORANGE WOMAN.
LAVENDER GIRL.
NEWGATE—EXERCISE YARD.
BISHOPSGATE STREET.
GREENWICH—IN THE SEASON.
LAMBETH POTTERIES.
IN THE ABBEY, WESTMINSTER.
THE DEVIL'S ACRE, WESTMINSTER.
HANSOM CAB.



REFUGE—APPLYING FOR ADMITTANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOVE BRIDGE TO WESTMINSTER.

BETWEEN London Bridge and Westminster the banks of the Thames are peopled with the shadows of the great and gifted of "the days that are no more." It was the citizens' daily highway, in more picturesque fashion than that of Express and Citizen steamboats covered from stem to stern with advertisements. Palaces were by the banks. People at Westminster took water at "the gate" to go to London. It was a daring and popular feat to shoot the rapids of London Bridge. The Old Swan Pier has been the Old Swan for many centuries, and was an ancient name in the time of Elizabeth. When the River Poet was plying his trade, and grumbling at the conveyances upon wheels that were growing on dry land, Essex Stairs and Paul's Wharf had been landing-stages to many generations of musical watermen, who had immortalized the first Lord Mayor who had gone to Westminster by water. Standing by these Essex Stairs, amid the unsightly work of the Embankment, it is not difficult to conjure up the glorious days of the sweet-willed river, when the great Cardinal was passing anxiously to and from Blackfriars and Westminster; when the Royal wedding procession of Henry the Fourth glided up, and the crafts of London escorted poor Anne Boleyn to her grim lord; and then when the first Charles and the daughter of Henri Quatre were rowed, in golden state, through a deluge of rain.[*] Then the Middlesex bank was not the black mud bank we remember, but was lined with the dwellings of the great; and they traveled by the

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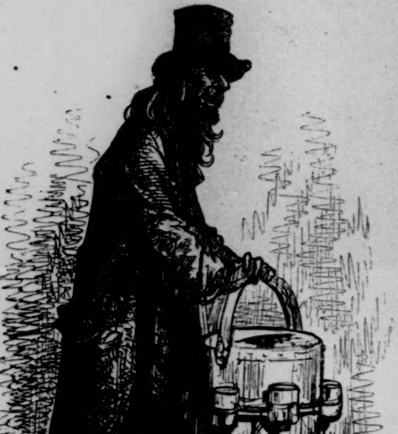
[*] It was in the very glory of a London summer that Henrietta Maria came, and not, like Alexandra, in the spring, as Isa Craig prettily sang, "With the violets." Henrietta Maria's reception by water, with whole fleets of gay boats in her wake, and the river-side palaces packed with welcoming crowds, would make a charming companion picture to the reception of the gentle Alexandra, sweeping round St. Paul's amid pyramids of smiling faces.

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

tide in boats befitting in appointments the dignity of the owners. It was, shall we say, "the lady's mile" by water; and the stream was crystal then, and there were salmon in it. By this "lady's mile" of the seventeenth century the nobles were proud to conduct great strangers from abroad; but fashion has fallen away from it, as from Covent Garden, the streets by the Strand, and Soho. It is a business route now, enlivened by trim iron boats filled with busy citizens, sailors returning to the Docks and Rotherhithe and Greenwich and Blackwall; soldiers for Woolwich, servants holiday-making, revelers for Rosherville Gardens, and noisy parties for Gravesend. The cheap boats are essentially, and almost exclusively, for the people; and nothing can be much more prosaic or suggestive of the London struggle than a penny boat, every available surface of which is given to a tradesman's puff. The keen newsboys, the negro minstrels, the lavender girls in the spring, the little vendors of cigar lights, the harps and violins and other instruments of torture; the women laden with bundles and children, and—heavier bundles of care—mothers of families whom it is difficult to feed; the boy-men bound on legal errands between Westminster Hall and the City, premature smokers, and ostentatious wearers of flowers, cravats, and jewelry; the crisp, clean crowds of business men preparing for the day's tussle in the ancient lanes of the City (as little aware, for the most part, of the history of the street in which they earn their bread as they are of the topography of Yedo); the lawyers with their blue bags, who land at the Temple; the shop-girls and barmaids of ample chignon and prodigal of color, whom the clerks regard with tender glances—these, massed with rough journeymen cracking nuts or smoking, and a few street boys at horse-play—compose no picture for the colorist. An English crowd is almost the ugliest in the world, because the poorer classes are but copyists in costume of the rich. The exceptions are the followers of street trades—the coster-mongers, the orange women, and the tramps. The workman approximates his nearest to the cut of Poole. The English carpenter wears a black tail coat—like the waiter, the undertaker, and the duke. Poor Englishwomen are ghastly in their patches trimmed in outlandish imitation of the fashion. *Le Follet's* plans penetrate to Shoreditch; and the hoop, the chignon, and the bonnet no larger than a doyley, are to be seen in Drury Lane, and behind apple stalls. In these base and shabby copyings of the rich the poverty of the wearers has a startling, abject air. It is, as I heard a stranger remark, "misery advertised."

BETWEEN BRIDGES.

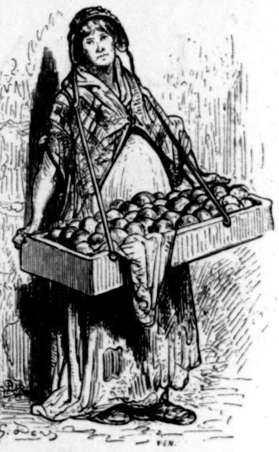
The reader will perceive, in the scenes which have caught the attention of the Pilgrims, how the poor Englishwomen with their unsightly bonnets and shawls have struck their attention. A Frenchman has never seen a shawl draggling to the ground from the shoulders of the wearer. But in England all classes, except the agricultural, dress alike—with a difference. Observe this lemonade vendor. His dress is that of a prosperous middle-class man, gone to shreds and patches. It was otherwise in the time when Bankside held the dramatic glory of England, in the time of Shakspeare, when there were bear-gardens, and when the way to the theatre was across the water in wherries. Present dramatic arrangements are more convenient, and the Citizen is a shapelier and speedier craft than the most handily managed waterman's ferry; but the beauty of the river scene has almost gone. The low southern bank is squalid and dirty; very busy at points, but unsightly every where. There is money-making behind; but the front, waiting the Embankment, is a mud bank, garnished with barges. It was not to be helped, perhaps—the river is in a transition period. It was covered with picturesque life: it will be presently a stately water-way, confined in granite walls and flanked by groves and gardens. At least let us hope so, for there is economy in greenery in a city like London.



LEMONADE VENDOR.

Jean Paul's practical pushing man* has put away the gilded barges, and all the bravery that was so rich in color and form in the olden day. Let us see what we have in the place of the highway of Elizabeth and Charles.

The view immediately to the west of London Bridge is a many-sided one. The whole round of modern commercial life is massed in the foreground, and the mighty dome which dominates London swells proudly over the hum and hiss and plashing and whistling and creaking of the hastening crowds. The bales are swinging in the air; files of dingy people are passing into the steamboats; the sleepy barges lower masts to pass the bridges; the heavy traffic between the City and the Borough is dragging over Southwark Bridge; trains glide across the railway arches into the prodigious Cannon Street shed. Factories, warehouses, mills, works; barges, wherries, skiffs, tugs, penny boats; smoke and steam blurring all; and the heaving water churned from its bed, and feverish in its ebb and flow—have a grandeur that enlivens the imagination. A little pulse of the mighty organization is laid bare. It is an eddy in the turbulent stream of London life. It is eminently suggestive of the activity that is behind the wharves and landing-stages and mills. The Seine has a holiday look; and the little, fussy steamers that load for London under the walls of the Louvre seem to be playing at trade. But to the West as to the East of London Bridge the surging life and vehement movement are swift and stern. There is no room for a holiday thought. The mills are grinding the corn by steam, the barges are unloading hastily, the passenger boats are bound on pressing errands, the train shoots over the river toward the Continent, and crosses another with the mail from India. The loiterer will inevitably be crushed or drowned. The very urchins, knee-deep in mud upon the banks, are intent on business—mud-larks prospecting for the droppings of the barges!



ORANGE WOMAN.

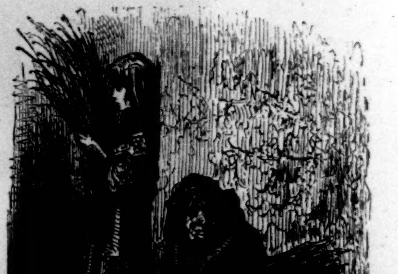
The first view above Bridge, with Fish-mongers' Hall on the immediate right, is the most striking in the way of movement, and the proportions of the commercial buildings on the two banks—the vast establishment of the City of London Brewery Company stretching to All-hallows Pier being the central object. Between Southwark and Blackfriars the scene changes. The shore buildings have another, and a less pretentious, character. They are older, and of busier outward aspect. Messrs. Chaplin and Horne's dark warehouses lean against Southwark Bridge. By St. Paul's Pier jets of steam are spouting about the sombre confusion of buildings. All the houses gape with the broad openings through which sacks and barrels are being lifted from the barges. A steam flour-mill of prodigious height crowns the view toward the Ludgate Station; and on the Surrey side the only breaks in the low level of the wharf are the tall factory chimneys, with distant spires of Southwark churches behind—suggestive of the ancient and the modern story of the busy borough, from the Canterbury Pilgrims to the building of the new Hop Exchange, and of all the quaint nooks and corners of the venerable place, which are still massed and propped amid the new buildings.

Between new Blackfriars Bridge and the railway bridge that is thrown alongside it, composing a curious scene of river, railway, and roadway traffic, crossing and passing in every direction, the river broadens and bends away on a bold southerly dip past the Houses of Parliament to Vauxhall. The scene is less busy. The greenery of the Temple, the handsome proportions of the Library, the noble lines of Somerset House, are a relief to the eye. Spires to the right and the left indicate the stretches of the great city through the heart of which the river flows.

The Embankment changes the whole aspect of the scene as we pass under Waterloo Bridge, which M. Dupin described as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars." The great buildings are now piled on all sides. On the Surrey bank the Shot-Tower and the Lion Brewery give a new dignity to the shore which is not yet embanked.

The Adelphi buildings; the pointed roofs of the Charing Cross Hotel; the vastness of the brick railway station; the fine threads of the line carried across the river reach, with glimpses of the new Westminster Bridge beyond; the Houses balanced by the new Hospital—combine to make a picture, with barges and boats for foreground, that gives a gracious and lively idea of London on the Thames. The gardens of Whitehall with which the name of Sir Robert Peel is associated in the English mind, and the palatial town dwelling of the bold Buccleuch, lead the eye pleasantly to the Westminster clock tower, and so on to the Halls of Parliament.

The Thames contemplated from the low parapets of the new bridge at Westminster, to the East and to the West, is at its best, its brightest; at its newest and its oldest. The ancient monuments crowd on the sight, and the new lie thick among them. The Hall of Rufus is blocked by the palace of Sir Charles Barry. You must cross to the eastern footway of the bridge, and pass by an underground railway station (where you may be cast into the hurly-burly of a workman's train, as we were), and the steps to a steamboat pier, to get a good view of the Abbey of the Confessor. But from the western parapet of the bridge the Old and the New are brilliantly suggested. The dark walls of Lambeth Palace face the ornate lines and terraces of the modern Houses of Parliament; the river that has ebbed and flowed since Archbishop Boniface was commanded by the Pope, by way of expiation of his misdeeds, to build an archiepiscopal seat opposite Westminster, sparkling between. None pause by the "great gate," and few lift their eyes to the Lollard's Tower. The tower is mouldering; and gone is more than half its grace since it showed the effigy of Thomas à Becket. When last we mounted it, it was a summer wonder, and an extra sight at a charity bazar. From the Great Hall the ancient uses are swept away, but works of charity are gayly done there every season,



LAVENDER GIRL.

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* "If I see him praying on a Mount of Olives, he is about to build an oil-mill up there; does he weep by the brook Kedron, he is about to fish for crabs, or to throw some one into it."

There are no longer clerks of the spicery, cup-bearers, yeomen of the ewry, and hosts of serving-men to wait upon these tables of the Archbishop's great guests in that modern habitable part of the Palace built by Archbishop Howley. With the old magnificence in feasting has departed the form of charity that accompanied it, but not the spirit. The revelers are gone—and so have not the poor. The hungry were welcome at the great gate. The almoner's table was spread, at which he who chose to come found food, and each was placed in order of the dignity due to his social quality.

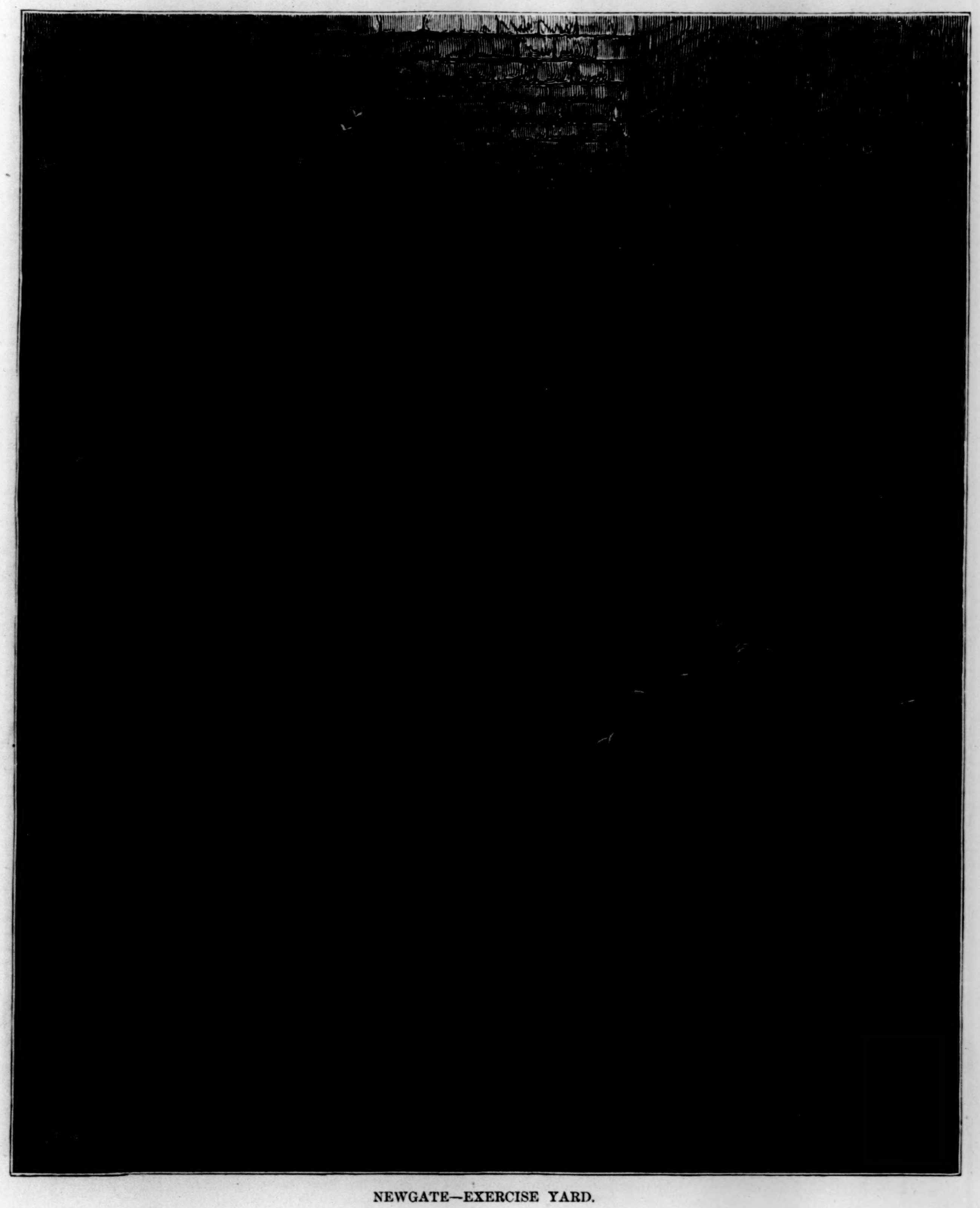
From Westminster to Vauxhall, past the gloomy Millbank Prison on the Middlesex shore, and the coarse Lambeth potteries on the Surrey side, we may hasten. The river shows fewer boats and barges, but lines of tall chimneys still to Vauxhall. Between the Westminster Road and the old spot where the coarse revelries of our grandfathers were held lie the grounds of old industries, as he who travels by railway may perceive by his nostrils as well as his eyes. The candle-makers, famous Lambeth potters, bone-pickers, are massed here; and the glimpses of the squalor amid which the industry is conducted are terrible realities that strike upon the mind with painful blows. Here, if any where, the traveler understands what Heine, hailing from 32 Craven Street, Strand, meant:

"Send," he said, "a philosopher to London, but by no means a poet. This bare earnestness of every thing, this colossal sameness, this machine-like movement, this moroseness of joy itself, this exaggerated London, oppresses the imagination and rends the heart in twain." The hurry, as of mortals in anguish, which oppressed the imagination of the German poet, is the unpleasant influence which seizes upon the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard. I can see the great man from Düsseldorf turning into the throng of Cheapside at four o'clock; into the New Cut; into the Broadway, opposite Lambeth, and vexing his soul with the hurly-burly of the fierce Bread-battle. He who had stood awe-struck as a boy, in his native town, before Napoleon, "high on his charger's back, with the eternal eyes in the imperial face of marble looking down, regardless of destiny, on the guards that were marching past him," and to whose life this passage of the hero had given an abiding color, could not find patience with multitudes elbowing, scrambling, grinding their very hearts to powder for their daily bread. He saw a throng of creatures "where the insolent rider treads down the poor foot-passenger; where each one that falls to the ground is forever lost; where the best comrades unfeelingly haste away, over each other's corpses, and the thousands who, weary unto death and bleeding, would vainly cling to the planks of the bridge, are hurled down into the cold ice-pits of death." The poet envied us our Shakspeare. That he could not see how nor why the greatest poet could have birth under all the influences which cover England—sunless England—explains other errors of his, and of many foreign writers in regard to us. He did not see truly, because he did not peer deeply, nor explore broadly.

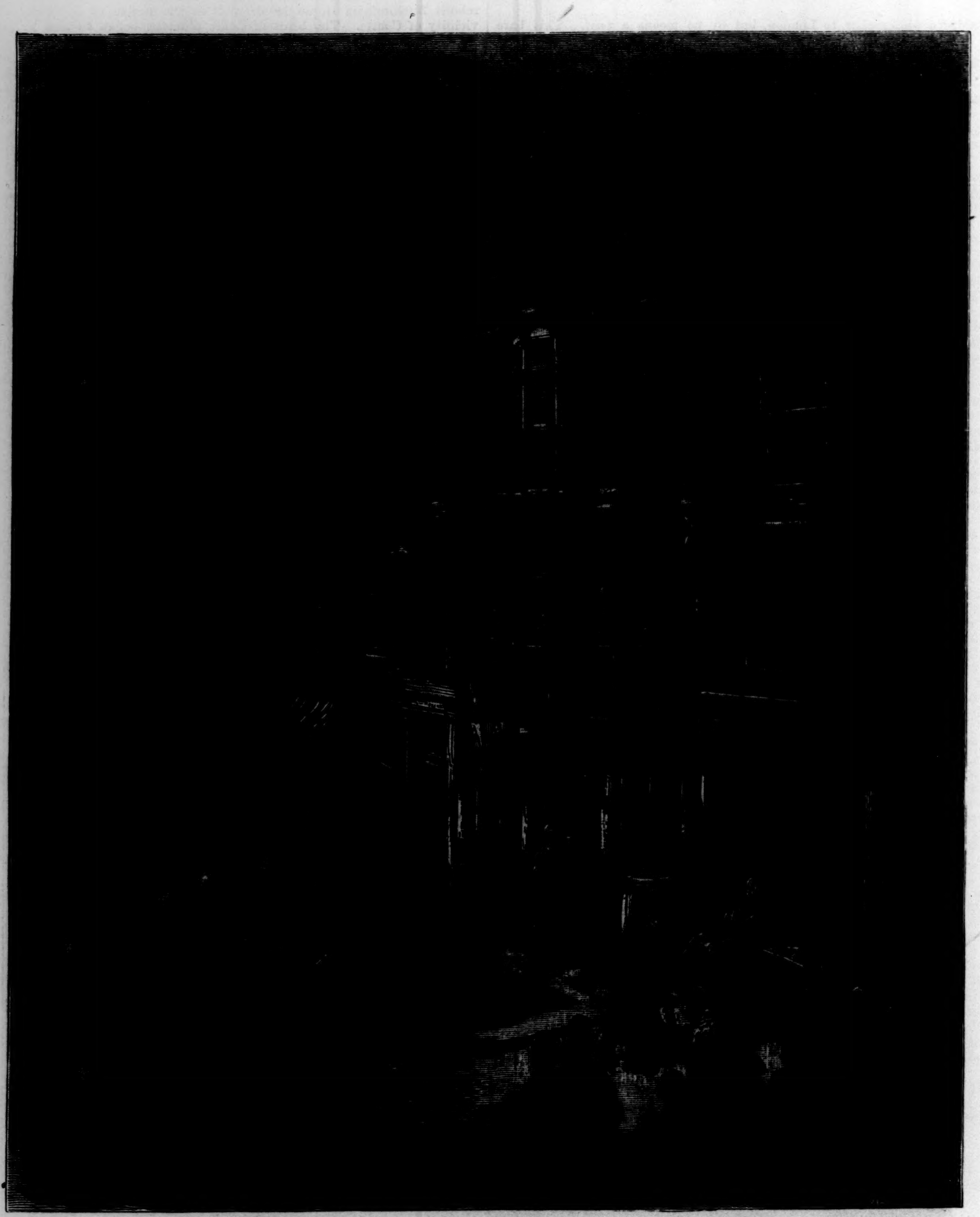
Big Ben vibrating through these Lambeth potteries on one of those gray days, of which London holds the secret elements, seems to threaten the busy, heavy-faced crowds who are loading vans, boiling bones, sorting rubbish, making coarse paste into drain-pipes and chimney-pots, that they may still mend the pace before he speaks his deep bass again. The Solemn and Venerable is at the elbow of the sordid and the woe-begone. By the noble Abbey is the ignoble Devil's Acre, hideous where it lies now in the sunlight!

The shores between which the river, released from the commerce of the greatest port in the world, glides smoothly, buoyant and bright with the trifles of cockle-boats and pleasure steamers, that just give a light animation to the scene, represent the London that is fading away, and the London that is young. When George the Fourth rebuilt Buckingham House he drew from the centre of the town all who love the vicinity of Courts. The birds of Court plumage began to nest in the dangerous old Blue Fields, where Peter Cunningham told me he had played at cricket. What is called "all London" made a Western movement. Behind the new, trim pier, back over many squares and thousands of porticoes and acres of all the treasures a wealthy class can gather for their Lares and Penates, to the green southern line of Hyde Park, the modern splendor of London is spread. The Blue Fields are forgotten; and upon their site might be counted a diamond for every daisy of Peter Cunningham's boyhood. The brilliancy of the Georgian and Victorian quarter never shows by the river-banks. The banks are nowhere graced by the presence of palaces now—except where the Buccleuch lives—until we reach the sylvan and classic sweetnesses of Richmond and Twickenham.

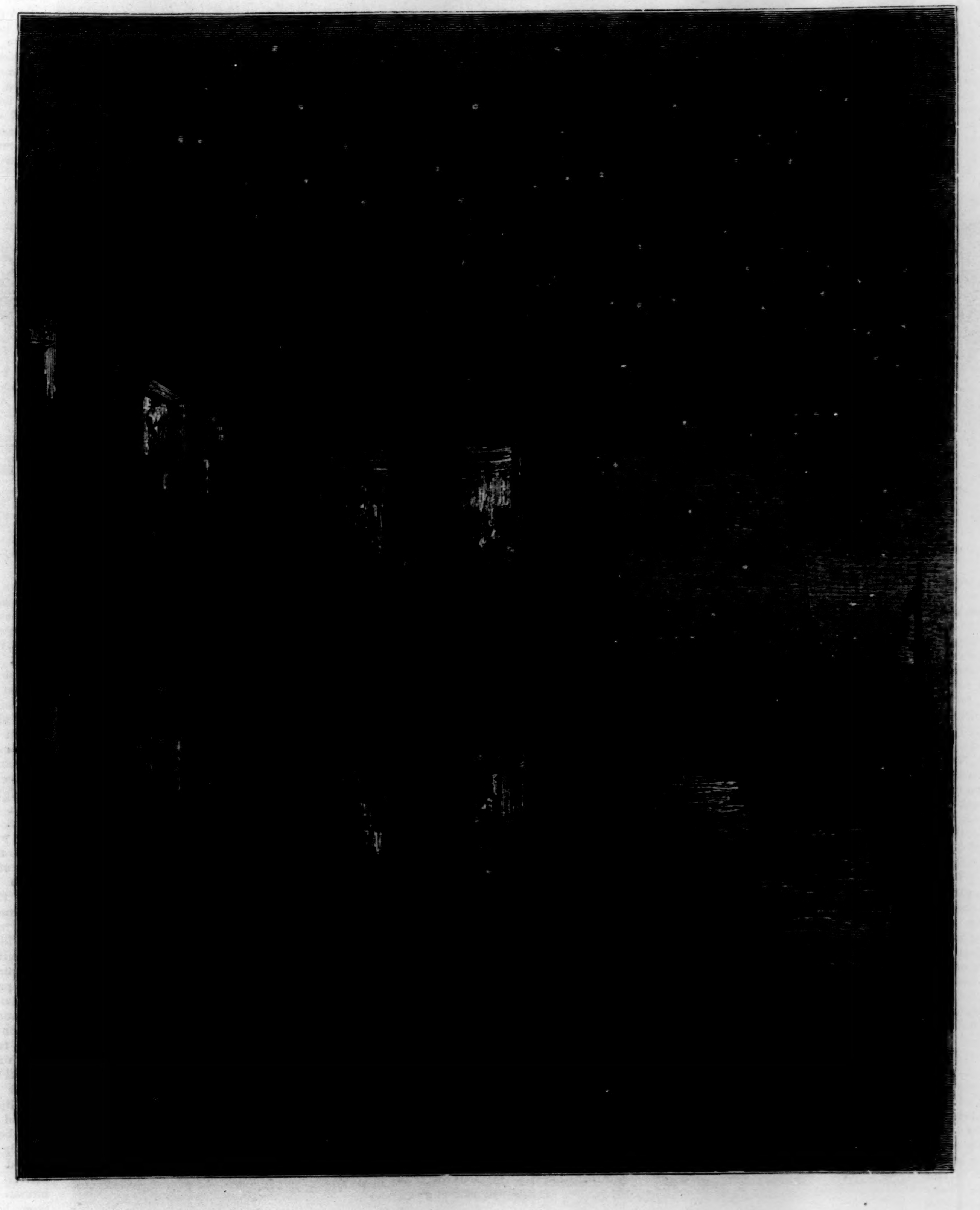
Under another railway bridge—a fantastic bridge; past the new bare park of Battersea on the Surrey shore, to Chelsea. We are getting away from London houses, London smoke, and London commerce. We are almost quit of the black barges. There are bits of greenery. The air is clearer. We have left cement and water works, lime and other works, and Hutton's mill. On the Middlesex side is our great military retreat—our Invalides—where Chelsea reach is broadest. The aspect of the river between the new park and the old hospital and its grounds is a relief after the turmoil of the port



NEWGATE—EXERCISE YARD.

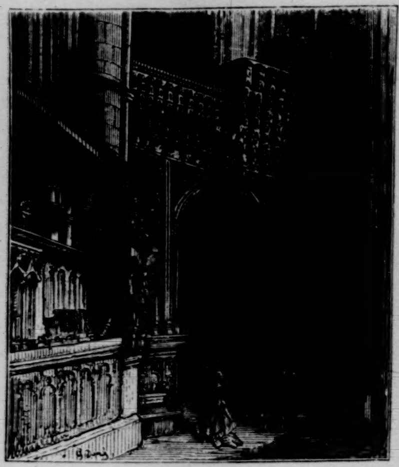


BISHOPSGATE STREET.



GREENWICH—IN THE SEASON.

LAMBETH POTTERIES.



IN THE ABBEY, WESTMINSTER.

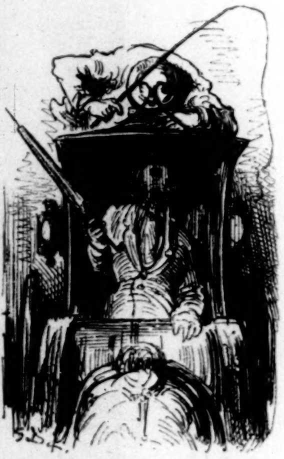
through which we have passed. We are making rapidly for the grassy banks, the meadows and the uplands, the villas and the parks, the anglers and the punts, the locks, the picturesque barges, and the towing-paths. The Red House is a sign dear to the humble Cockney reveler. Battersea Fields (now prim as a park, and, in summer, radiant with flowers) call to mind shooting matches and the duelists' ground, and, notably, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchilsea, who fought there more than forty years ago. London is indeed pushing out of town. Cunningham remarks on the famous asparagus beds of Battersea, as well as the Red House and the tumble-down wooden bridge. Those beds are gone: I remember them of vast extent at Putney: and where I knew them and watched the cutting often on summer mornings I saw, as we toiled home in the tedious file of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, and carts from last University boat-race, that stucco had covered the beds; and upon the lovely common where we gossiped with the gypsies, and thought ourselves a day's journey from London smoke, was a shabby little cemetery, and the villas were gathering fast around that. There are many who will be astonished to hear that upon the land which is covered by the Consumption Hospital at Brompton the market gardener grew roses for the London market: but I remember the roses and the gardener.

If Battersea have lost the interest its asparagus gave it in the sight of the epicure, and if the sombre fame of the dueling ground of the great folk of London be a thing of the past, and the disorderly fields dedicated to Cockney horse-play have sobered to the respectability of ordered flower beds and scientifically labeled shrubs, there is consolation to the searcher of the picturesque and the historical along the opposite shore. Battersea shows in the Conqueror's survey as Patricesy; and its past is associated with the name of St. John. The great Bolingbroke and his second wife, the niece of Madame De Maintenon, lived and died in the ancient place, and a tablet in the church records the well-known fact. But white-lead and turpentine works and chemical factories block out all memory of Bolingbroke; and people remember only that there is a dock there, and that the Old Swan still nestles against the wooden bridge. There is just a Bolingbroke Row that stretches to the river by the Rodney Iron-Works, and a Bolingbroke Road in the busiest part of the little out-of-the-way suburb; but there is every thing around to make the traveler that way forget that the great St. John ever lived and thought in the seclusion of Battersea.

We are at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, and can see the old tower of St. Luke's and the archway that, in the happy young days, led to the famous Chelsea bun-house. The pleasure-boats lie serried near the shore, like smelts upon a silver skewer. It is the place where the poor, tired Londoner of humble means paddles in the stream, and feels, even in this narrow reach, a strange breathing room, which expands his imagination with his lungs.

Ancient Chelsea is charged with memories of recent as well as of by-gone times. This, I say, is its special privilege. It can go back firmly to the days when Sir Thomas More dated a letter to his grim master from "my pore howse at Chelcith." Chelcith in the days of Henry the Eighth, and when Queen Elizabeth was a little girl, would repay the study of a painter—the dreaming of a poet. The river had unbroken green banks; and Chelcith was parted from London by the Blue Fields and other foot-pad meadows.

Chelsea has few save gracious or quaint and jocund memories. To have been famous at once for buns and custards and china; to have beheld the great Queen in her childhood; to have owned all the rare scenes and stories of Ranelagh Gardens; to be the haven of our wounded soldiers, was history enough.



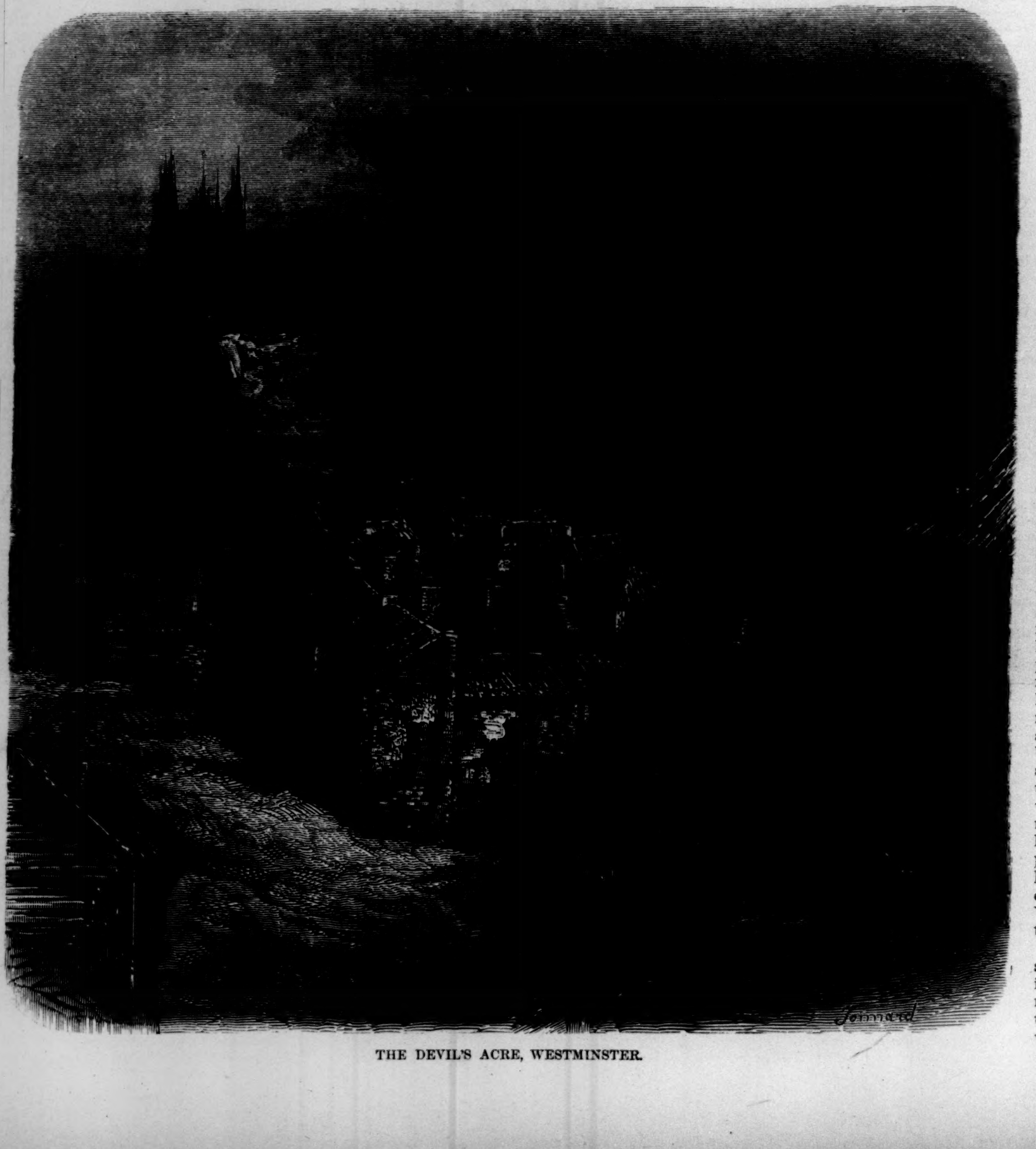
HANSOM CAB.

Modern Chelsea, however, enters a claim. The names of Turner, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, and of very many lesser lights, cluster round St. Luke's. The great poetic landscape painter fought his hardest battle in this quietude and in this cheerfulness (for I insist very much on the ineradicable cheerfulness of Old Chelsea, even with white-lead and chemical works opposite the narrow passage from the Church to the Bridge). I remember also another young painter who patiently worked, looking out upon Chelsea reach, before the name of Holman Hunt had taken wing. The silver trumpet has sounded the welcome notes; but also, alas! that sorrowful morning in the lives of men has come and gone when the illusions of youth, and its warmth of feeling, and the careless spendthrift freedom are to be soberly laid aside. The boy in an hour becomes a man: and the lost clew can never be regained. We fall into the sober, certain step, and thereafter our pulses beat evenly, and we get to calculations. My fellow-Pilgrim told me in one of our by-way gossips that the inevitable *désillusion* fell upon him one morning over his *café au lait*, and parted his youth evermore from his manhood—the romance from the reality of his life. The crape was drawn across the drum for him.

Chelsea, however, calls to our mind the names most in harmony with its character. Quaint china; the simplicities of buns and custards; the revelries of the open river; the pretty cottages and shady trees—whom do they suggest as an appropriate foreground figure, if not that pleasantest and most informed and poetic of gossips of our modern Babylon—Leigh Hunt? After old William Godwin in a dark room in the ancient House of Commons, my earliest recollection is of a visit to Leigh Hunt in Chelsea in the care of my father. In Leigh Hunt there was the mild soft heart and the melancholy at the same time, which is inseparable from the man whose imagination tortures him with perpetual beau ideals, and therefore with hourly disappointments. Shade and shine pass over his face, as upon the marble record under the willow. Mother-of-pearl presents to me the shiftings of Leigh Hunt's mental being: the shade is not very deep, and the light is mellow. He and Mr. Carlyle were neighbors. To the lightly judging the men appeared born antagonists. But a truth in human nature is that men have a friendly affinity for those who bring them in contact and, as it were, supply them with the qualities which themselves do not possess. The philosopher is drawn to the poet, the painter to the harpsichord, and will ever be till Chelsea Water-Works have put the world under water.

And now we turn away from the river—its modern wonders and rich and rare history—to the great city through which it flows.

"Hansom!"



THE DEVIL'S ACRE, WESTMINSTER.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

They call me a mass of iron and brass;
They say that a spirit I lack;
That my real soul is the grimy man
In the wooden pen on my back;
That the flame I devour and the steam in my veins
Are the creatures of man alone,
And I have no mind but the mind of men,
Those beings of flesh and bone.

Let them say if they will, and whatever they will,
Though had they but noted me when
I was scurrying over the iron rails,
The wonder and pride of men—
Had they watched as they might, they had seen a will,
As I sped on my iron path,
And a purpose of terror when once I awoke,
And aroused to a terrible wrath.

I have borne their yoke in a patient way
For many a weary hour—
The pity that filled my massive breast
Forbade me to use my power;
But I am not always a passive thing,
Nor forever with joy I scream,
As I rumble and clatter and scurry along,
With my nostrils breathing steam.

For when they are proudest to think me theirs
My patience a moment fails,
And then, with a thousand wretches behind,
I leap from the guiding rails
Over the lofty embankment side,
And plunge to the depths below,
While the careless laugh of the people I draw
Is changed to shrieks of woe.

And so to-night, in the midnight deep,
With my glaring eye I peer
Through the darkness that covers the path before,
And I startle the engineer;
For I whirl from side to side,
And I pant and struggle and scream with delight;
Reverse! down brakes! there's a tree on the track,
And Death rides abroad to-night!

Some are asleep in their seats, and dream;
And others, in accents gay,
Are telling light stories of what they have seen,
Or discussing the news of the day;
And some are thinking of things long past;
And others again there be
Who are longing to meet their children and wives
In the homes they never may see.

A jar and a crash! I scream as I leap,
And feel my stout ribs bend;
While the cars they crush like houses of card,
And their strong beams splinter and rend;
And here is a head, and there is a limb,
And mark, when the lights are brought,
The quivering flesh that once was a shape,
And walked and talked and thought!

You say that I am an inanimate thing;
That I neither can know nor feel;
That merely steam through an iron rod
Is moving my driving-wheel!
Why, I planned this thing, and brooded alone,
And thought of it day by day,
And waited my chance, and bided my time,
As I sped on my tiresome way.

You builded a monster of iron and brass,
And you fed it with water and flame,
And you thought it a creature your finger-touch,
Whenever you would, could tame:
Had you known its temper, or studied its ways,
You never had felt its might,
And the mangled dead on the cold earth spread
Were living and merry to-night.

THE SKELETON IN MR. BULBO'S CLOSET.

Mr. Bulbo was decidedly nervous on this evening. He was more than fidgety; for, besides constant change of position, he cast quick looks behind him, as if he heard some one, and made many vain attempts to whistle. His room was pleasant, his chair comfortable, his tobacco excellent, and his pipe coloring in a most enviable manner; but he frowned as he shifted about, and finally sprang up with a groan. Behind him was a small closet where his bachelor odds and ends were hastily thrust, and now he jerked the door open and eagerly examined the interior.

"Such a fool!" he ejaculated, as he slammed the door, and, taking up a book, resolutely determined to read.

What was the matter with Mr. Bulbo? He appeared to be well, being rosy and active. He was a pleasant-looking man, not yet troubled with age, as he had not even reached the "youth of forty summers." He was rather prosperous in business, had a pleasant circle of friends, and no incumbrances. To look into his frank, sunny face—for Wash Bulbo (his name was not an unfamiliar one to patriotic Americans, and had been thus abbreviated) was a good fellow—to interrogate his bright blue eyes, no one would suspect that Mr. Bulbo was any thing but the happiest of men. But he had a secret trouble which so preyed upon him that he was losing his spirits, and felt as if he was haunted by an actual presence. It pursued him in the street, sought him in his office, but was most vital in its attacks in his own room during the hitherto cheerful hours which he had spent with his book and pipe. If its dreadful bony form could only be shut in his closet—fastened in! But no sooner was he seated than it would steal out, whisper its wretched suggestions in his ear, and would drive him on to the fell deed against his will, unless he could find some way to stifle it.

It was this that stole Mr. Bulbo's sleep, destroyed his appetite, and drove him from a state of blissful unconsciousness to a condition of rueful wretchedness. For more than a week he had nailed up the closet door—gone without his overshoes for that length of time, as they were there bestowed, and had caught a bad cold in consequence, as, perversely enough, the weather seemed in league with his tormentor, and storms were rife. He had left town and spent several nights with a friend, but there had been no escape for him; and now he had returned to renew the conflict or die.

Here he was, as badly off as before, for there was no use trying to read or divert himself in any way. Some actual plan must be devised and put into immediate execution; and as he walked his room, having thrown open all the windows to give himself as much relief as possible, he reviewed the circumstances which had placed him in this unpleasant position.

A little more than a year ago the first stroke had fallen upon him as he was enjoying his pipe in the twilight. The postman's ring had not hitherto annoyed him, and he gave it no thought as he went to the closet for his tobacco-pouch, and quietly said "Come in" in response to the knock which a moment later jarred his door. But his mood changed as he read the letter which was put into his hands.

On breaking the envelope a dainty note, with dark lines of grief on the edges and delicate tracery in a feminine hand within, fluttered into his lap, while a heavy, darkly written sheet flopped boldly on the floor. He read first a bit from one, then from the other, in some confusion and dismay. The gist of both was that Horace Francis, an old friend of his father's, had lately deceased, and left Mr. Bulbo in charge of his daughter Mary's property until she should attain her majority.

"Hearing such fine reports of your business capacity, and having been so well beloved of your father, I select you of all other men in the world, dear Bulbo," the dying man had written. The fortune was large and had many cumbersome details; but Mr. Bulbo, for the sake of the trust, and with a certain pride in the appreciation of his abilities, gladly undertook to discharge the obligation. The lady had forwarded her father's letter, and begged that all communication be held with her lawyer, as she hardly felt like meeting strangers at present. Mr. Bulbo had acquiesced, and for a year now had, with much trouble to himself, taken conscientious charge of the property, often being obliged to neglect his own business, but had never seen the lady, their communication having been entirely through the lawyer. Now, in his own room, as he thought of the reasons, he dashed his hands into his dressing-gown pockets, and fairly howled; in the midst of which ebullition he rushed into the closet, threw the letters on the floor, and piled boxes, boots, books, every thing he could get hold of, over them.

Ach! he, Bulbo! George Washington Bulbo!—a man most scrupulous on such points. Could he not strangle that shadowless monster? What if he was poor? If he had been rich he would have done the same—he, who had come and gone in this famous city of Brookley for ten years, treading his quiet path of life uncriticised. He had never used his modest wit against any one more than to give a harmless thrust at a fellow-sufferer for the benefit of his pretty, much-amused companion at some amiable "tea-fight," where one's friends are served up hot with the fragrant urn, and their favorite foibles form an appetizing sauce for the tempting rasher. Why had this come upon him? He was pursued night and day; the very air was full of whispers; even haunted in his own chambers; no secret place where he could escape. "Yes," every one said, "he will marry her;" "See how he looks after the property;" "That's a nice nest-egg for him, and no mother-in-law;" "Observe how the sly rogue keeps the rest away—lucky dog!" Then to him, "When will the happy event come off, eh, Bulbo?" Clapping him on the shoulder, "I say, you were born with a gold spoon in your mouth." Protestations were of no avail: his most sincere acts were against him. It was fairly unendurable. Something must be done. He had thought of suicide; but that would never do, for then the voiceful torment would spring upon his inanimate body, and proclaim in far-reaching tones, "He proposed, and she jilted him." No, no! And Mr. Bulbo feverishly paced his room, looking here and there for an escape.

At last he stood, with his hair bristling wildly, and burst into a loud, echoing laugh. The closet door creaked, and he shouted in reply:

"Ay, come out! come out! I dread you no more! You're outwitted—outwitted!" and, dragging a valise from a recess, he began to hurl in articles, making the most extravagant demonstrations of delight the while.

Was he crazy? No, but a solution of his difficulty was presented. He would marry some good girl immediately, and then what could they say? He paused for nothing, except once or twice to glare at the closet, until the valise was packed and locked, when he sat down upon it to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and consider where he should go. Then, in the quiet which ensued, he realized the sacrifice he was about to make. His easy-chair so inviting, his dressing-gown so comfortable, his fireside so cozy, his belongings so conveniently scattered about, his club meetings, his pleasant little dinners with a friend or two—all would vanish like a happy dream, to be followed by what unknown, dreadful reality of a hereafter! Well, well; it must be done. He laughed no more as he arose to complete his preparations. His honor was at stake. He might sleep then, at least; but no—curtain lectures! These, even, might be endured if he had his business hours in peace; and Mr. Bulbo's spirits arose again sufficiently to give the closet door a good kick, and shake his clinched fist at it as he left the room with his traveling gear.

The next afternoon he was walking hastily along the quiet street of Mileford. Nothing but the urgency of the case could have kept him up during his journey. It was a dreadful step he had taken, but the disease in this case was worse than any cure could be, and called for a violent remedy. Mr. Bulbo was not a stranger in Mileford, having spent some of his early years there, and he was soon warmly greeted in Mr. Kopps's kitchen. The farmer and his wife hailed him as Mr. George, as they had been in the habit of calling him in earlier days; and Mr. Bulbo, glad to escape from the name which had so annoyed him, begged them not to mention his surname.

His room looked out on a quiet meadow, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he missed the mocking chimneys of his usual abode. At tea he met and was waited upon by Mr. Kopps's niece, Polly. She had such a flow of good spirits that he forgot duty, and entered into a merry conversation, which he unwillingly ended at her pointed suggestion of his need of a smoke. He joined Mr. Kopps on the veranda, and soon told him his errand—not the cause, but the plain fact that he was in search of a wife.

"I thought I couldn't do better than come here," he said, trying to speak carelessly. "The fact is, I'm tired of living a bachelor life."

Oh, miserable subterfuge! Mr. Bulbo hated himself for being obliged to resort to it. Mr. Kopps mentioned several names, particularly recommending one young lady whom Mr. Bulbo remembered as a child, and offering to introduce him that evening.

"Won't you go, Polly?" he called into the kitchen.

"No, thanks;" and Mr. Bulbo felt disappointed, and half inclined to give up the venture.

Bulbo made but a short call, as he felt weary; and as he opened the kitchen door on his return, Polly sat by the window, singing and paring apples. A nice little cot protected her finger from the stain, and she nodded a smiling welcome as she put a bit of apple between her rosy lips. Mr. Bulbo leaned on the chair to chat, and soon asked for a knife to help.

"But you'll have to wear a cot."

"Put it on," he responded, stretching out his hands.

"They are all too small," she cried, after several mirth-provoking attempts to place them.

"Can't something else do?" he helplessly inquired. "I can't bear to be idle."

"Yes; I'll wind them up in rags;" and her deft fingers soon bound his hands.

It was late when they finished, for Polly insisted that the parings should be perfect, and their aid required in solving matrimonial questions. Hers always formed a B, at which she was much provoked; but Mr. Bulbo's were very indefinite.

"Is it a P or an F?" she asked, puzzling over the letter. "I declare it's as much like an M as any thing."

When at last bed-time came, without a doubt Polly lighted his candle, and between them they dropped the snuffers three times before he got fairly started. In the morning he must see the farm, and as Mr. Kopps's work was urgent, Polly was impressed to do the honors. On their return the sun was too hot to go out, and it was pleasanter to chat in the cool sitting-room. After dinner came the fascinating sight of Polly with her sleeves rolled up, showing such white arms—all stray locks of hair tucked behind little ears, and away from cheeks where the color came and went in a moment—that the dishes might be washed. Then when she disappeared a moment Mr. Bulbo thought he would make a call, but when she reappeared in a fresh muslin, was moved to ask if there was not somewhere for them to go.

"Not but that I see enough that's charming here."

Polly turned away with a little frown, and Mr. Bulbo was, as usual, upbraiding himself, when a deepening red on her neck persuaded him that he had not made an irrevocable mistake. They went to the Lyn brook, and only got home in time for Polly to get tea. After that Mr. Kopps proposed a call on another young lady, but Mr. Bulbo had discovered that Polly sang; and as music was his great delight, and he made some attempts, though no pretensions, in that quarter, he insisted on a song. One followed another; their voices harmonized finely; and another evening was gone.

This was but an example of many days. Polly had read some new books that had particularly pleased Mr. Bulbo, and she was so lively and piquant it was delightful to talk to her. She was remarkably well-educated, which surprised Mr. Bulbo, as Mileford was but a country place.

"Ah, now you'd like to ask questions," she cried, as he let drop something of that kind. "I was not brought up here, and that's all I'll say. Ladies only are privileged to ask questions."

"There is *one* that gentlemen may ask," softly said Mr. Bulbo, leaning toward her; but she sprang from her seat and ran up stairs.

"Bulbo, you're a fool!" was the gentleman's mental comment. "I am afraid you're in love—you are, by Jove!" he ejaculated, as he seized the handkerchief Polly had dropped, and pressing it to his lips, placed it in his inner pocket.

It was to be feared that was the truth. Mr. Bulbo had been five weeks at Mr. Kopps's, and had entirely forgotten the cause of his coming. He had made but one call in search of the wife who was to vindicate his character in the virtuous city of Brookley, but had lingered all this time by the side of a bright-eyed, plump little damsel who had become a necessity to him, and without whom he felt his bachelor room would be dreary indeed. Why wouldn't she do as well, better than any one else, for his purpose? She was a darling, would make him happy, refute the scandal, destroy the tenant of that closet—ugh! Yes, yes. But— A blank, great and unspeakable, fell on Mr. Bulbo as he contemplated the idea that she might reject him. In all his plans he had never once thought of that. Not that he was overbold; he had no opinion of his abilities; but the extremity had been such that he had never allowed a refusal to enter into his calculations. In the despair that came over him he went and wandered by the brook until long past the tea hour.

It was with a fearful heart throb and a perceptible jump that he saw Polly approaching.

"Mr. George, won't you come to tea?"

"I won't come, Miss Polly, my heart's Polly"—it sounded horridly, but Mr. Bulbo did not mean it should—"unless you will let me go with you," he replied, seizing her hand in both of his.

"That's just what I mean to do," replied Polly, breathlessly, trying to withdraw her hand. "I have not had mine yet."

"No, no, that's not what I mean. I won't go unless you go with me—unless we go together—that is, Polly, dearest Polly, I love you, and must have—" And she was folded closely in his arms.

It was bunglingly done, and Mr. Bulbo must have had some encouragement, or else he had forgotten his fears; but Polly understood him and—tea waited longer still.

To Mr. Bulbo's delight Polly was willing to appoint an early day; and the nuts were just falling, the pumpkins had drunk their fill of yellow sunlight, and the northern frost winds were making a fire pleasant, when they stood in the vestry-room of the little church, waiting for the clergyman.

"Dearest, there is one thing I want to say: my name—"

"Oh, don't tease me about that. I never can call you any thing but Mr. George; but I ought to have told you—"

"Come, Polly!" cried her uncle, interrupting her; and in they went, each with something important to tell the other.

Polly smiled a little, with a timid flutter, when Mr. Bulbo uttered, in a clear voice, "I, George Washington." And he gave a start of not entire pleasure when she said, softly, "I, Mary."

"I like *Polly* best," he whispered, as he threw back her veil and claimed her as his wife.

As Mr. Kopps handed Polly into the carriage, he laughingly said,

"I ought to say Mrs. Bulbo now, I suppose."

"Mrs. Bulbo!" cried Polly, aghast.

"Yes, darling, that is what I wanted to tell you in the vestry, and now that we are so happy I can endure to speak of the matter;" and Mr. Bulbo told her the whole story. To his surprise, Polly laughed until she cried, blushed as if she was on fire, and as the drive to the house was short, refused to explain, but ran in and seemed to avoid him. It was not until the bustle of return was over that Polly stood alone with him in the porch. Then between bursts of laughter and showers of tears, which were cleared away in the most natural manner possible, she told him.

She was Mary Francis; had feared some one would seek her for her money, and had changed her name, and secluded herself here. She had always avoided him, for his name had prejudiced her to think he was very disagreeable. She had meant to tell him of her wealth just before they were married, that it might have no influence on him, and now he had done just what he didn't want to do.

"No, no," he swore. "Just what he wanted. He had been so happy that he had never thought to tell her his name, and now what difference did it make? They loved each other."

But alas for Mr. Bulbo! He returned to Brookley with his loved and loving wife, and his little world was in flames in a moment.

"I told you so! Wasn't he a sly rogue to go and marry her so secretly?"

Fate was against him, facts were against him. What could he say, how refute?

"Ah, Bulbo, we saw it all. Bless you, you couldn't surprise us: we knew it was inevitable."

He took other rooms; would have eschewed closets; but Polly said they were necessary. Still the phantom pursued him. He lived a long, happy life, but to his old age could not bear a door behind him; and as friends never forget, I think we may safely say Mr. Bulbo never got rid of the skeleton in his closet.

REHEARSALS AT THEATRES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* touches thus upon rehearsals at theatres: "The stage manager shouts 'Begin!' and the interesting heroine enters. Now if the stage manager be a man of soft mould, he is indulgent toward the chief actress; but if he be a functionary well up to his work, he shows no respect of persons, and overhauls the stars as he does the lesser satellites. 'I have sacrificed every thing to Henry,' sighs the star; 'my maiden innocence, my hopes of happiness, my—' 'Stop!' roars the stage manager; 'when you say "I have sacrificed every thing to Henry," you must make a resigned gesture, as if you felt the sacrifice to be worth something; and when you say "my maiden innocence," try and avoid smiling as you did just now.' 'I didn't do any thing of the sort,' protests the star, hotly. 'Then it was the gas made it seem so,' retorts the manager. 'Now go on.' The star does go on, and has a three hours' drilling of it. Simultaneously with her the satellites get their share much in this fashion: 'Miss A, don't throw your eyes about in this manner; you're always looking at the orchestra stalls.' 'I don't look at the stalls.' 'A good actress,' resumes the stage manager, sententiously, 'is so enwrapped in her part that the world ends for her at those foot-lights.' (Miss A pouts.) 'Miss B,' goes on the stage manager, 'pronounce four times over the word "harrowing," which you just pronounced "arrowing."' 'H-h-h-arrowing, then!' cries Miss B, fiercely; 'but you're always at me about something.' 'Miss C,' proceeds the stage manager, imperturbably, 'three times have I told you to assume an outraged expression when you are asked to betray your family for gold, and you don't look outraged in the least.' 'I shall look outraged at the performance,' answers Miss C. 'That's what you always say,' vociferates the stage manager, 'and when the performance comes it's as bad as ever.'"